J. WILLIAM WHITE, M.D.

A BIOGRAPHY

AGNES REPPLIER

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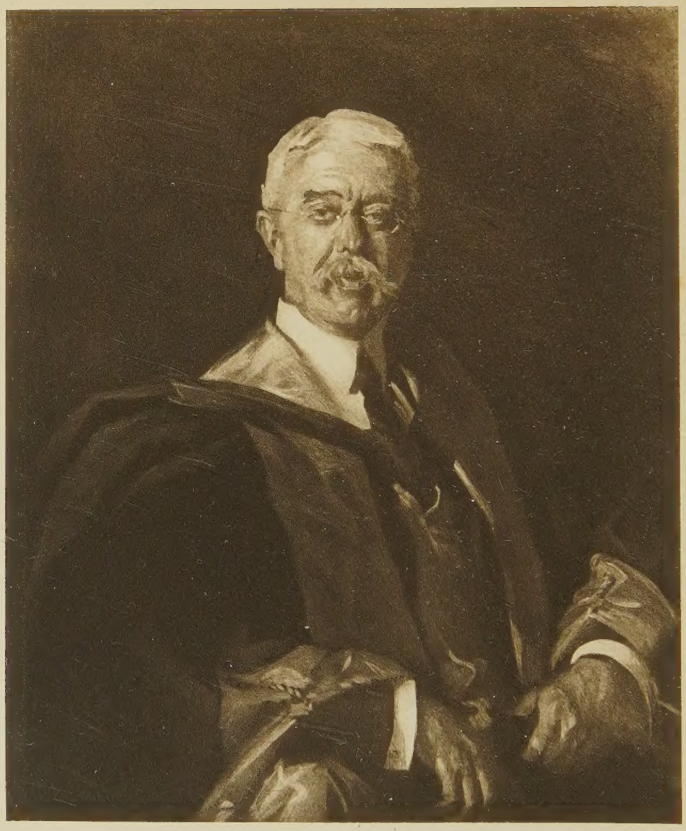

To my friend William
Thomas Lawson

J. WILLIAM WHITE, M.D.

A BIOGRAPHY

By AGNES REPPLIER

With Portraits

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"A surgeon should be tender to the sick, honourable to his fellow surgeons, wise in his predictions, chaste, sober, pitiful, not covetous or extortionate. Rather should he take his wages in moderation, according to his work, and the wealth of his patient, and the issue of the disease, and his own worth."

GUY DE CHAULIAC
Grand Chirurgie, 1363

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J. WILLIAM WHITE, M.D.

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

JAMES WILLIAM WHITE was born in Philadelphia on the 2d of November, 1850. He was of English ancestry, the family dating back to one Henry White, who in 1649 left England, and came to Virginia. Four generations of Henry White's descendants lived in, or near, Albemarle, North Carolina. One of the fifth generation, James White, moved to Burlington, New Jersey. His son, William Rose White, married Mary Stockton, a descendant of Richard Stockton, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Their son, James William White, senior, practised medicine for many years in Philadelphia. He was a keen diagnostician, much sought in consultations, and he was also an able man of affairs, first president of the S. S. White Dental Manufacturing Company, whose products had as wide a market in Europe as in the United States. His strong and advanced opinions brought him both friends and foes. A firm abolitionist, he fought a lifelong and unyielding battle against slavery. A broad-minded philanthropist, he helped to found the Maternity Hos-

pital at a time when, as has been well observed, "the existence of such an institution was considered an endorsement and encouragement of vice." His wife, Mary Ann McClaranan, was of New England parentage, and ably seconded a line of conduct more in accord with the prevailing sentiments of Massachusetts than of Pennsylvania. From both parents their distinguished son inherited those sharply defined and unyielding traits of character, which, buttressed with energy, ability, and resolution, made him so valuable a colleague and so dauntless an opponent.

The boy was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia. He was a quick-tempered, warm-hearted, rough, impetuous child, as devoted to play as if the alphabet had never been invented, and to reading as if hockey and base-ball were unknown. The four beloved books which he read and re-read with ever renewed delight were the "Arabian Nights," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Don Quixote," and "Robinson Crusoe," a heroic selection, but a natural one in those happy days, before a flood of inane juvenile stories had become the blight of the nursery and school-room. Certain chapters in these books gave the boy such intense pleasure that he confesses he approached them at each fresh perusal "with secret and exhilarating excitement." This seems to me one of the most illuminating statements I have ever heard upon the much discussed subject of children's

reading. There is no doubt that only the book which is read many times, and which is read many times because it is worth many readings, has any place in a child's intellectual or emotional life; and no child who has ever responded to the stirring appeal of a great masterpiece has failed to experience the "secret and exhilarating excitement" with which he returns, step by step, cautious yet unafraid, to the Valley of Diamonds, or the Castle of Giant Despair, or the shining sands marked with the impress of a savage foot.

When I was young, all well-brought-up little girls, and doubtless all well-brought-up little boys, who were permitted to visit their playmates, were cautioned by careful mothers that they must on no account open a book. To sit in a corner and read, instead of joining decorously in games, was held to be unpardonably rude. If Mrs. White gave this parting counsel to her son, it was of no avail. The temptation was too strong to be resisted. Little Bill would even improvise a game of hide-and-seek in order that he might slip away from his small cousins and companions, and, hidden behind a curtain, or on the back stairs, or in a closet, snatch a brief, uneasy joy from some hitherto unread story, which he was destined never to finish. The quickness of his observation was marred by his extreme near-sightedness. If Mrs. Barbauld's old-fashioned tale, "Eyes and No

Eyes," ever came his way, he must have sympathized with the little boy who passed by all the wonderful things which his comrade saw and commented upon. When he stumbled and blundered about, it was put down to the natural awkwardness of boyhood. It was only after he went to school that his fashion of holding his book betrayed his imperfect vision. Once fitted with glasses, his strong eyes bore heavy and continuous strain until he died.

In one regard the boy's life was a stormy one. A tendency to quarrel, and a still more fatal readiness to uphold his dispute by force, tried the patience of his teachers beyond endurance. He delighted in warfare, and paid scant heed to causes or to consequences. Again and again they asked why such a little fire-eater should be retained in the ranks, and again and again the child's truthfulness, integrity, and steadfast application to his studies pleaded for pardon. If, on a Monday morning, Mrs. White was seen accompanying her abashed son to school, the neighbours said, "There goes Bill White's mother to make peace with his teachers. She has *her* hands full anyway."

At thirteen the boy was ready for the High School, but was held to be too young, and obliged to wait a year for admittance. He was always a close student, partly because his quick intelligence detected some interest even in the routine of class-work, and partly because all studies were to him an obstacle to be

overcome, a barrier at which he rode hard like a steeple-chaser. Why and how his high-school themes, or, as they were then humbly called, compositions, were preserved from the scrap-basket, it is impossible to say. Perhaps his parents kept them, as little Tom Macaulay's parents kept their precious infant's hymns, and epics, and "Epitome of Universal History." Perhaps Dr. White's noticeable and inexplicable distaste for destroying any scrap of paper dated from his boyhood, and he himself cherished these unloved and laborious productions.

Be this as it may, the compositions were found intact among more important documents, very neatly copied, and as correct in spelling as in sentiment. They are like the compositions of school-boys all the world over, save that they do not suggest the hopeless boredom, the slurring haste, common to such tasks, and that they have a refreshing tendency to abandon the abstract for the concrete. The lad starts out to write about "Peace," and having expressed some stainlessly virtuous sentiments regarding its blessings and benefits, he branches joyously off to occasions which imperatively demand war. He intimates his disapproval of the Quaker attitude, and says in redundant school-boy language what Mr. Roosevelt has said in a few vigorous words, — that "a class of professional non-combatants is, in the long run, as hurtful to a community as a class of

professional wrong-doers." In another paper he comments with regret upon the preponderance of study over athletics in the education of boys (which shows how long ago he went to school), and prophesies that a reign of dyspepsia will result from this mistaken attitude of teachers. Most characteristic of all is a composition on "Justice," in which he sweeps aside generalities to dwell feelingly on the case of a contemporary murderer — a murderer long forgotten by the world — who killed eight people, and realized only eighteen dollars by the job. This man was hanged, which is duly pointed out as a triumph of justice (the boy entertained no sentimental theories on the subject of capital punishment); but what really absorbs his youthful mind is the disproportion between the means and the end. Eight murders, and eighteen dollars! He is stunned by this unpractical aspect of crime.

When young White left the High School, his father sought to make his clever son a chemist; but this the lad opposed with all the determination of his character. He took a year's course in chemistry with Hance Brothers and White; but a chemist he resolutely declined to be. His heart was set on medicine, and on surgery, as his chosen field of medicine. In vain the arguments — old as civilization — of slow progress and crowded professions were urged upon him. Peter the Great doubtless considered that the

two lawyers whom he permitted to practise in his empire overcrowded it, and so hanged one of them. To his father's cautious counsels, the son had but one reply: "There is plenty of room where I intend to be." Inevitably he carried his point, and entered the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, a school then situated at Ninth and Chestnut Streets. Here, working *con amore* and with all his might, he spent three vigorous years, and spent them to such good effect that in 1871 he received the two degrees of Ph.D. and M.D., obtaining a full vote for both, and standing at the head of his class after a competitive examination.

All this time his interest in athletics had kept pace with his interest in laboratory work and the lecture-room. His superb health, which he never spared, permitted him increasing physical and mental exertion. He could fill up every hour of the day, and study half the night, without fatigue, and without apparent strain. It was through the friendship of his preceptor, Dr. Horatio C. Wood, always keenly interested in so brilliant a student, that the young physician received at the outset of his career an appointment which, lasting less than twelve months, influenced him for life, and was of far greater advantage to him than he was then able to understand.

Professor Benjamin Peirce, Superintendent of the

United States Coast Survey, had fitted out a small steamer, the Hassler, for scientific explorations in the waters of the South Atlantic. He invited Professor Agassiz to head the expedition, and Agassiz, although in failing health, eagerly accepted the post. Dr. Thomas Hill, former President of Harvard College, a man of seemingly limitless information, and Count Pourtalès, of the Coast Survey, accompanied him on the voyage. To Dr. White, then just twenty-one, was offered a berth as hydrographic draughtsman, and it may be conceived with what enthusiasm he snatched this golden opportunity. "Agassiz says he can and will teach me more comparative anatomy in a month than I should ever learn in a year at college," he writes joyously to his father; adding with a canniness which was as natural to him as courage: "The Professor is down on the Darwinian theory, so, although I believe in it at present, I think I'll renounce it for a year. He is going to buy me a shot-gun, or rather let me buy it, and send him the bill. Which is the most expensive kind?"

The last line is illustrative. There never was a time when Dr. White did not stand ready to take all that life and opportunity had to offer; but there never was a time when he was not equally ready to give the best that was in him in return.

CHAPTER II

THE VOYAGE OF THE HASSLER

THERE are few things in this life so good as we think they are going to be, or so good as we think they have been. Our enjoyment is either anticipatory or reminiscent, because we cannot foresee the disagreeable possibilities of the future, and we remember with grateful distinctness the pleasures of the past. It is natural that Dr. White should have keenly relished the prospect of a most unusual voyage, and that he should have looked back upon the nine months on the Hassler as a remarkably and exclusively happy period of his career. He did enjoy it with all the freshness of youth, and with all the appreciation of sense and intelligence. But the trip brought him, as it brought more important members of the party, a full measure of vexation and disappointment. In the first place, the expedition, which was to have started in August, 1871, did not get off until December. Apparently it went then, only because the money appropriated for the work would have been returned to the treasury if the Hassler had not sailed within the fiscal year. Dr. White spent the month of November in Boston, hoping every day to be off the next, and fretting over the delay which

eventually curtailed the voyage, compelling Agassiz to relinquish the Falkland Islands, and the Rio Negro and Santa Cruz Rivers, to his inextinguishable regret. Moreover, the deep-sea dredging, from which he hoped to obtain important results, failed because of defective apparatus. The hauls from the greatest depths were invariably lost.

Mrs. Agassiz, who accompanied her husband, kept, under his direction, a diary, descriptive and scientific, which was published after his death, and made dull reading. Dr. Hill wrote a series of letters to the "New York Tribune." Dr. White, with characteristic self-confidence, invaded, before sailing, the office of the "New York Herald," and actually persuaded the managing editor, Mr. Cannery, not only to accept him as a special correspondent, but to pay him twenty dollars a column, instead of the modest ten which was the paper's customary rate. These "Herald" letters became a heavy burden as the young physician's duties on the Hassler grew more and more imperative. Often he had no time to write, and oftener still he had nothing to write about. Always he found it hard to tell enough to satisfy the paper, without telling more than Agassiz wished told. He confesses in his diary that he envies Dr. Hill (who received thirty dollars a column from the "Tribune") the ease and intentness with which he scribbled his interminable pages. "He does not have to consult

any geographical dictionaries, encyclopedias, or other useful abominations. He just sits down, takes his portfolio on his knee, and draws out of his antiquated, perverse, crotchety, obstinate, but well-filled head all that he wants, and more too. I have n't seen any of his letters, but I know they are so much better than anything I can write, that the very thought discourages me."

Nevertheless, the correspondence with the "Herald" was continued until the end of the voyage. It would no more have occurred to Dr. White to voluntarily relinquish a job he had undertaken to do than to voluntarily relinquish existence. The letters — which have been preserved — are sober, intelligent narratives, written in the forceful, vigorous style he retained through life, and marked, it must be confessed, by that reluctance to leave anything untold which characterized all he ever wrote. They were printed by the "Herald" in type so ruinously fine as to suggest collusion with the oculists and opticians of New York, and provided with fantastic and sensational headlines, calculated to attract readers who would not have known Agassiz from Audubon. "Millions of Skeletons at the Bottom of the Sea." "Beautiful Tempest-Defying Creatures Dancing on the Crests of the Waves." "Oysters a Foot in Diameter." "Hydroids, the Socialists of the Sea." This is the way a valiant newspaper strove to

arouse the intellectual curiosity of the public. Even solid paragraphs were broken up to admit such headings as "Never before seen by Human Eyes." "The Skeletons." "Perished by Thousands." "Died a Heretic." Naturally the most apathetic old gentleman droning over his newspaper wondered a bit who died a heretic, who perished by thousands, and what on earth the expedition was about.

It is amusing to note that many years later, Dr. White, addressing the Harvard Club, dwelt feelingly upon the anguish of spirit which the "Herald's" headlines had caused his sensitive youth. He had aspired to be weighty and scientific, and the paper had presented him to its readers as a second Jules Verne. All his life, notwithstanding certain stormy episodes, he remained on fairly good terms with newspapers. No man was less inclined to the stupid and vulgar error of censuring the press. No man better understood its difficulties, or recognized more clearly its incontestable merits. His dedication — a year before he died — of the "Text-Book of the War for Americans" to the press of the United States, proved that he rightly regarded our best newspapers as intelligent leaders of the nation's thought, and upright guardians of the nation's honour. He winced under the "Herald's" sensationalism, but he grasped its motives, and forgave.

Once launched on its voyage, the Hassler became

a scene of incessant activity, and the hydrographic draughtsman — a title which might have been roughly interpreted as man-of-all-work — was kept busily employed. How he ever found time to do all the jobs which Agassiz gave him to do, and most of the jobs which should have been done by older and less strenuous men, write the interminable letters to the "Herald," keep up an energetic correspondence with his family — to say nothing of a diary — and study French and Spanish with zest, remains a mystery. His days always seemed to hold more than the twenty-four hours allotted to ordinary mortals.

Every calm morning, Agassiz gave a lecture on deck, using a rubber blanket stretched on four sticks as a blackboard. These lectures Dr. White copied "smoothly," and he also undertook, before they had been out a week, to copy the log. When the ship was quarantined in Montevideo Harbour, he had himself awakened every three hours in the night, to make his observations on surface water, Agassiz being eager to test the influence of winds and tides upon the admixture of fresh water in the bay. The incessant dredgings kept him hard at work, examining the specimens, and dropping everything of value into alcohol. Three thousand five hundred gallons of alcohol were used during the voyage. Agassiz's curiosity was so insatiable, and his delight over a good haul was so radiant, that his young assistant could not forbear

a joke (a variant of Cleopatra's famous trick), and slipped one day a polished chicken bone into the dredging net before it was cast. Up in time came the net, and up came the bone. A sailor grasped it, and carried it to Agassiz, who rejected the strange specimen with a smile, divining the jest, and asking no questions.

Sunday brought scant respite from labour. Dr. White writes to his father that Agassiz was "very religious," but would dredge seven days in the week, deeming it a work of necessity, and expected others to do the same. An average Sunday was spent in dredging until noon, photographing the specimens until dusk, and listening in the evening to a lecture on "Positivism" from the omniscient Dr. Hill, whose custom it was to interpret metaphysics in the terms of a mathematician, somewhat to the disgust of Agassiz, who hated mathematics, and who was naturally disposed to disagree with what he did not understand.

It must be remembered that Dr. White was not a marine biologist, and that he had none of the noble but somewhat overwhelming enthusiasm common to this department of science. He threw his whole soul into his work because slackness was impossible to his nature, and he tried to share Agassiz's wild delight when — off the coast of Patagonia — they caught some uncommonly ugly little fishes which could swim

head first or tail first, "as a matter of indifference." "There was once a folio volume written on a single imperfect specimen of these fish," he reports proudly, "and they are still very rare; so the Professor's pleasure is unbounded." It was another red-letter day which showed them their first steamer-duck paddling expertly on the rough water, and very often the fossils secured were of inestimable value. When in ill-luck, their ropes broke, their hauls were lost, the bathometer let down for deep-sea sounding never came up again, and the result of four hours' dredging in six hundred and eighty fathoms of water in Panama Bay was "a few worms and some blue mud." If there was an element of monotony in their labour, there was a glorious diversity in its reward.

Photographing the specimens was every whit as difficult as securing them. The art of photography was then, if not in its infancy, at least in its early and untrammelled youth. Dr. White was not an expert at the work, but Dr. Hill gradually resigned it into his hands, hating its messiness, and heart-broken over its results. To photograph live Ascidians in a basin of water on the heaving deck of a small ship would be no facile task to-day; but with the imperfect apparatus of 1872, wet plates, time exposure, and a persevering but inexperienced photographer, the percentage of failures was ruinous. Nevertheless, Dr. White went steadily on with this

unloved task until he might be said to have conquered it. Twelve hours out of the twenty-four were sometimes consumed taking the photographs, developing them, and packing them away. At Rio de Janeiro he carried his negatives to the laboratory of Signor Leuzinger, where conditions were exceptionally good, and worked there in the heavy heat for ten hours, without intermission, and without food. It was a heroic test of endurance. Zealotry could have done no more.

Besides photographing specimens, it was Dr. White's more difficult duty to take pictures of the coast, and of all objects of beauty and interest which might be desirable for stereopticon slides. This involved such diverting experiences that I quote a long extract from the diary, partly because it is really funny, and partly because it might have been written at fifty instead of at twenty-one. Those who knew Dr. White only in later life can recognize the familiar turns of speech, the ease and sharpness of expression.

"*At Sea. Off the Island of Chiloe. Sunday, April 7th*, 1872. This morning I had an instance of what has been one of my great troubles in photography, — the fact that it is impossible to make some people understand what can and what can't be done with a camera. It would be amusing if it were not annoying. I wakened between six and seven o'clock, looked out of my port-hole, saw that we were at some distance from

shore, pulled off a leaf from my calendar, disclosing 'Domingo, April 7th,' said a word of good morning to you all by looking over the photographic album, and then settled myself comfortably to read a new novel (new when we started) which Mrs. Agassiz had requested me to pronounce upon before beginning it herself.

"I had n't enjoyed this very long when my curtains were pulled aside, and the Professor's face was visible. He made a movement to retire, saying something about having thought that 'perhaps the photographic apparatus was ready.' I told him that it would be ready in exactly ten minutes if it were necessary, but that I did n't believe there was anything to photograph. 'Oh, yes, something of the greatest interest, if it would not be too much trouble.' I turned out, dressed, and was on deck with my camera and a coated and sensitized plate in about the time I mentioned. *Then* I found that the nearest objects were hills several miles off, which hills had, on the focusing glass, an elevation of about the tenth of an inch; and that the intensely interesting 'something' consisted of white spots on those hills, barely discernible without the aid of the glass. I might as well have been called upon to photograph a fly-speck on Girard College from the State House steeple.

"I did n't say much. The old gentleman had been greatly disappointed at our not going up to the

island, as he thereby missed an opportunity of having a slap at Darwin on the Glacial Theory, and I did n't want to worry him any more. So I went through the motions, exposed three plates, and told him I did n't believe I had secured what he wanted, but that I had done all that was possible. I then stowed away the apparatus. In fifteen minutes he saw a volcanic range on the other side, and at about twice the distance, of which he wanted a picture. I unpacked, repeated the process, made a couple of plates on which the hills would have to be looked for with a compound microscope, and stowed away the things. In half an hour he discovered two peaks, snow-covered, and almost exactly the same colour as the sky behind them, so that it was difficult to make out their line of demarcation, even with strong glasses. I told him they would both take the same colour, that the mountains would n't show, and that, in addition, the vessel was beginning to make considerable motion. He did n't seem persuaded, however, that it was impossible, so I again unpacked, and demonstrated it to him. I caught all the ripples on the waves without a sign of the peaks. Then I packed up, and registered a vow — which I kept — not to take the things out again unless we were in smooth water, within a hundred yards of shore."

In what odd moments of his crowded day, Dr. White snatched the leisure to write the diary which

he kept for his family, as well as letters of amazing length and minuteness, no one will ever know. There is no sign of haste or scrimping in his voluminous pages. He tells his mother that the washerwoman at St. Thomas starched his handkerchiefs and towels, and left his collars and cuffs limp. He tells his grandmother everything he had to eat at a dinner party at Talcahuano, because that was what she liked best to hear. If, at the close of the trip, he omits the menu of a dinner given by Mr. Leland Stanford, then Governor of California, he pleads in excuse that the entertainment lasted from six to nine, and that he was too torpid when he left the table to remember anything about it. He makes careful notes throughout the voyage of all that might interest his little brother, Louis, then six years old. He writes to this child about the island of Juan Fernandez and Alexander Selkirk; and about a big flying fish which leaped with such violence to the deck of the Hassler that it knocked over a cabin boy; and about the trained canaries he saw at Rio de Janeiro, which obstinately refused to tell his fortune, though they told the fortunes of the Rio de Janeirans all day long. He gives him the kind of good advice which a little boy rejects from his parents, but receives docilely from a big brother. Louis is not to fight for the sake of fighting. "If the other boy is smaller than you are, it is a mean thing to do, and if he is bigger, he might make

you wish you had n't." The whole duty of little boyhood is compressed into this one golden sentence: "I want you to be a good boy, and mind father and mother and grandmother, and keep your feet dry, and keep off the car-tracks, and not eat pie-crust or pork."

In his clamorous demand for home letters, Dr. White does not exempt even the six-year-old. It appears that Louis can write a little; therefore he should write, though the forgiving brother makes allowance for his ineptitude, and answers an unsent baby scrawl in this really charming fashion.

Dear Louis:

Although I have n't yet received that letter which Mother told me you had written, I thought I had better answer it just the same as if I had got it. I guess I know what was in it. You told me how you and Waltie played, and how *Maltie* — not Waltie — had fits, and how you were a bad boy sometimes, and a good boy nearly always, and how Grandmother fed the pigeons, and the cats, and the rats, and everything else that would eat, and how much money you got when you were sick, and how you dirtied your new suit, and how you ran to fires, played in the mud, rode with the milkman, plagued Grandmother, teased Rosie, worried Mother, and behaved yourself when Father was around. If you

did n't write all this, I am sure you might have done so without telling a great many stories.

One fact is evidenced by the Hassler diary. It is never divulged, but may be read between every line. The diarist is horribly homesick. This is his first journey, and the familiar scenes and figures he has left tug at his heart-strings. He is maddened by the irregularity of the South American mails, and appears to have spent hours at Rio de Janeiro trying to worry the hot and exasperated post-office clerks into giving him letters which were not there to give. When one does come, it has two fifteen-cent stamps on it, and he has to pay twenty-four cents more; but, although habitually careful of money, he declares joyfully that it is worth fifty dollars. Later on, he records without a tremor that the Chilean Government asks twenty-five cents for every letter which passes through its post-office, and that his are always double weight. Whenever the ship's provisions run low, his homesickness is augmented by the cravings of his youthful appetite for the good Philadelphia fare, so long untasted, so ardently recalled. For a week in Otter Bay, scientists and sailors were alike reduced to pork and beans, — pork and beans for breakfast, dinner, and supper. At this period the young doctor's letters resemble nothing so much as the "Homesick Glutton's Dream." In vain he tries

to solace a free and hungry hour with "Aurora Leigh." His soul rejects this fare as unmistakably as his stomach rejects the pork and beans. In vain Mrs. Agassiz recommends Browning's "Dramatic Poems." "I don't think much of them," is his uncritical, but not unnatural, verdict. The Hassler library seems to have been a somewhat haphazard collection of books, and Dr. White — a swift and omnivorous reader — skimmed over its fiction in the first few weeks, tossed aside its poetry, lingered appreciatively over Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat," and Macaulay's "Essays," and finally settled down to "Gray's Anatomy," and a Spanish grammar. He knew what promise they held.

The grammar, indeed, bore fruit a hundredfold, for, whenever the Hassler was in port, its earnest student found himself fit for conversation, lively if limited, with all the pretty girls he met. He never suffered his courage to be daunted by an imperfect vocabulary; but eked out his Spanish with French, and his French with English, and his English with the universal language of youth; making himself invariably understood, and enjoying the abundant hospitality of the South. His pleasure in being on shore was just as keen, whether he were climbing a mountain peak at Tijucas, or eating a highly civilized dinner at Talcahuano, or listening to the chanting of a tobacco-begging Fuegian chief, or hunting iguanas

for Agassiz on Charles Island, or shooting, or fishing, or collecting butterflies, or photographing a glacier. "Agassiz knows all about fishes, except the way to catch them," is a record in the diary. "He gives directions concerning hooks, and bait, and nets, and drawing seines, which are listened to respectfully, but never followed."

At Panama, Dr. White accompanied Agassiz on a specimen-collecting expedition which lasted three days. They went by rail to San Pablo, and the diary gives a minute account of the trip, dwelling especially on the hospitality of the San Pablo station-master, a Mr. Lesley from Bangor, Maine, and a vastly important official. This young man had married a school-teacher from Belfast, Maine, and had made her a home in the wilderness. Their shining house and neat garden were like a bit of New England transferred to the Isthmus. Mrs. Lesley's good cooking, her raised biscuits and excellent coffee, are feelingly described. A cribbage board and a five-months-old baby complete the picture, which is bright with comfort and contentment. Yet at the foot of the pretty garden flowed the Chagres River, with alligators basking in the mud; and before the front door stretched a tropical forest, full of anacondas, and wild hogs, and tarantulas, and vampire bats, — evil neighbours for the little household. The snakes did sometimes eat her young chickens, Mrs.

Lesley confessed ruefully, but had no other word of dissatisfaction with her lonely and perilous life.

Throughout the nine months' voyage, Dr. White remained on cordial terms with all his associates. If he were sometimes irritated by Dr. Hill's dogmatism, he respected his wide and accurate knowledge. Count Pourtalès and Dr. Steindachner he liked. Captain Johnson he pronounced a "good sailor, an honest gentleman, and a kind friend." To Mrs. Johnson and to Mrs. Agassiz he became increasingly attached, finding that their presence on the Hassler added materially to his pleasure and well-being. Mrs. Agassiz he commended strongly, because she was a lady without nerves, who did not scream when incidents of a mildly terrifying order disturbed the usual tranquillity. Of Agassiz he has given us, both in his diary and in an admirable paper written after the Professor's death, a consistently charming and sympathetic picture. He can find no words keen enough to describe this great scientist's noble democracy, — which was like the democracy of Scott, whom men called a feudalist, — his kindness, his fluent English, the simplicity and readiness with which he imparted his knowledge (to those who sought it only), his noble generosity and wise economy. "Agassiz," he wrote, "is just as free from any pretence or assumption of superiority as if he were a cabin boy."

Toward the close of the voyage, some one pro-

posed to teach the Professor the beguiling and irritating game of solitaire. Agassiz, who had never touched a card in his life, fell a victim to the spell. "He spent hours glued to the cabin table, dealing and sorting the cards, ejaculating in three or four languages, and becoming as much excited over the turns as over a new tadpole." From solitaire — an easy descent to Avernus — Agassiz fell to playing poker for gunwads; and Heaven knows what further temptations lay in wait for this straight-living scientific gentleman, if the harbour of San Francisco had not put an end to the sport. The last record made of him in the diary is a testimony to his generous good-nature. Tired and ill, he consented to give a lecture at the Sacramento Literary Institute, and his gratified audience presented him with a gold-headed stick. The Hassler reached San Francisco on the 24th of August, 1872. Fifteen months later, Agassiz died.

One eventful dispute roughened the smooth friendliness of the expedition, and lent — to Dr. White at least — an added interest in the trip. It was no part of his duty to look after the Hassler's sick. Dr. Pitkin was the ship's surgeon. But Dr. Pitkin was sometimes ill himself, and, when this happened, Dr. White dosed the crew, and mended their broken heads. Their manifest preference for his services was due probably to his friendliness, to his open and easy manner, and to the confidence which his abrupt

decisiveness seldom failed to inspire. The boatswain told him that the sailors waited their chance to consult him; and, as he had himself no great belief in Dr. Pitkin's remedies, this seemed to him a sensible precaution on the sailors' part. Dr. Pitkin thought otherwise; and the disagreement between the two physicians was brought to a head when Paymaster Dee, hunting for shells on the wet sands of Magdalena Bay, came back with his feet and legs badly blistered by sunburn. Dr. Pitkin applied glycerine and carbolic acid. Dr. White urged the use of phenol. Dr. Pitkin scouted phenol. Dr. White contemned in forceful language glycerine and carbolic acid. The contest reminds us of the ever memorable battle waged by Dr. Benjamin Rush, in the Yellow Fever summer of 1793, in behalf of mercury and jalap, against bark and wine. Finally the contestants agreed upon a compromise, or rather upon an experiment. Each took possession of one of the paymaster's legs, and treated it in his own fashion, the patient acquiescing because he was not consulted. The result was a triumph for Dr. White. In twenty-four hours the phenol leg was healed, while the glycerine leg remained swollen and inflamed. Whether the paymaster then decided which treatment he preferred, or whether Dr. Pitkin continued to have his own way with his appointed leg, the diary does not say.

In San Francisco came the final separation. Dr.

White parted from friends whom he had learned to value, and made his own way home. With his customary good fortune, he reached Salt Lake City at the time of a great Mormon conference, and heard Brigham Young and other eminent saints preach to huge congregations. The prophet was authoritative, censorious, omniscient. He protested against his followers seeking legal or medical advice, instead of asking counsel of those who were divinely appointed to direct them. "Lawyers," he said, "are very good in their place, but I've never been able to discover where the devil their place is, unless it's in Hell." Doctors were little more in favour. Young vehemently reproached his female flock for their obstinacy in employing obstetricians, assuring them that they and their babies would be just as well off if they would dispense entirely with medical service. He gave the offending ladies a great many sound and intimate exhortations on the subject of their health. He inveighed against the extravagance and immodesty of their dress, declaring he could see their garters when they walked. (Can it be possible that these disciplined wives wore tilters!) He accused the men of withholding their tithes. And he clamoured furiously for money.

The robust sanctimoniousness of Salt Lake City was evidenced in the petty details of life. Dr. White, staring at the strange medley of stuff in a shop win-

dow, heard the shopman urging a customer to buy a fifty-cent shell, on which was engraved the Lord's Prayer. "It will be a moral power in your family," he said unctuously. "Your children will be eager to learn from it. And you know" (patronizingly) "it really is a beautiful prayer."

We cannot overestimate the value of a nine months' voyage with distinguished associates to a man of Dr. White's deeply impressionable mind. The scientific knowledge he acquired counted for much. The glimpses of Latin civilization, broadening as they did the strictly local standards of the home-bred youth, counted for more. The daily intercourse with scholars counted for most of all. If, throughout his life, Dr. White loved success, he had also the finer qualities which enabled him to revere achievement. His personal ambitions remained unchanged; but he understood and appreciated the higher aspirations of men who pursue truth for truth's sake, expecting no common rewards, and receiving none. This is illustrated by a page of the diary in which he notes down the fact that Agassiz's salary at Harvard was for sixteen years $1500; that it never rose above $3500; and that he had working under him twenty-five assistants, some of them men of fair scientific attainments, whose aggregate salaries came to $14,000, an average of $560. "Methinks," the young physician comments dryly, "that science is not *my* vocation."

CHAPTER III

BLOCKLEY AND THE PENITENTIARY

ABSORPTION in the present never meant for Dr. White indifference to the future. He knew very well what a hard climb lay before him, and how much depended on the start. He knew also the avenues to advancement, and who controlled the right of way. While yet on board the Hassler, we find him making strenuous efforts to obtain an appointment as resident physician in the Philadelphia Hospital at Blockley. This post he received immediately after his return, and held for a year, resigning it in 1873 for the more important and far more interesting position of resident physician in the Eastern Penitentiary. He continued, however, to visit Blockley, and for three years laboured in this double field, acquiring a wide experience of men and things, of pauperism and criminology, of trustees and councilmen, of disease and death. His road was not an easy one, and was made no easier by the breadth of his views, the quickness of his temper, and the unyielding character of his professional conscience. The Board of Inspectors of the Penitentiary was a conservative body, and its members were not in the habit of having their duties expounded to them by an impetuous,

impatient, and singularly clear-headed young doctor. They did not like it, and Dr. White did not like indifference and distrust. His connection with the prison might have been abruptly terminated, and his career injured, had it not been for the president of the Board, Richard Vaux, formerly Mayor of Philadelphia, and the treasurer, John M. Maris. These two men gave him their steadfast support. Mr. Vaux was himself an ultra conservative, and many of the resident's views were distasteful to him; but, being an able man, he liked ability, and, being a fearless man, he liked fearlessness. If he did not believe in Dr. White's opinions, he believed sincerely and wisely in Dr. White; and men, not systems, counted in his scale.

There are few records of these strenuous years, but there is a startling reminder of them in a story written long afterwards by Dr. White, and entitled "Some Terminal Episodes in the History of a Criminal Family." It was never printed, being no more than a hurried and roughly put together sketch, meant to be read at a Christmas party, and at once too crude and too gruesome for publication. But it is a vivid picture of Philadelphia in 1874, and of conditions which we would just as soon forget. Prison reform was then in its timid infancy. Nobody called a criminal a patient, or crime a malady. Pageants and plays were unknown within the Penitentiary

walls. The appeal to honour and reason had not yet revealed these qualities surviving in the felon's soul. Fewer convicts became honest men; but, on the other hand, no convict went out blackberrying, and forgot to return. The city's politics disgraced its civilization. The justly celebrated "Board of Buzzards" stole the roof off the almshouse, — a theft famous in the annals of corruption. The paupers' bodies were dug up from the Potter's Field, and sold to the medical schools for dissection. When the supply ran short, the students performed this task for themselves, and drove in triumph through the streets with the stolen corpse propped up stiffly beside them. A snow-storm stopped the traffic of the city. Decent citizens jested at the shameful improbity it was their business to correct. Mr. Thomas Lawson observed many years later that it would be easier to float down Hell on a wax wafer than to clean up Philadelphia politics. Had he been contemplating conditions in the reign of the "Buzzards," he would have used — or would have endeavoured to use — a more vigorous expression.

The incidents in Dr. White's grisly little tale were borrowed, for the most part, from his experience in the Penitentiary. There he found the woman who had kept a baby farm, and who had closed out the business by killing all its inmates, including two of her own offspring. There he found the man who had smothered his mother-in-law, and buried her, with

his wife's assistance, under the kitchen hearth. The couple had gone on living amicably in the room, cooking and eating in undismayed proximity to the corpse. There he found the Baptist negro who, after a heated argument with his cell-mate, a Methodist negro, had ended the controversy by murdering the offending heretic. The crowded condition of the Penitentiary compelled the housing of two prisoners in one cell. The Methodist may have been the keener doctrinaire, but the Baptist was the stronger man. He vindicated his beliefs with the help of his shoemaker's knife, and slept composedly by his victim's side for the remainder of the night. Through all this dreadful narrative runs the vigorous spirit of youth. The writer is not faint at heart over the spectacle of vice, and crime, and wretchedness. He moves from the Penitentiary to Blockley, from Blockley to the dissecting-room, from the dissecting-room back to the Penitentiary; fronting the wretched sights, and sounds, and smells, as he fronts the snowdrifts piled to his knee, and the absence of breakfast and dinner. It was all in the day's work.

With Edward Townsend, the warden of the Penitentiary, and with Michael Cassidy, the principal overseer, Dr. White was always on good terms. Cassidy, who became warden in 1881, and held the post for many years, was a strict disciplinarian, devoid of sentiment, and possibly of sympathetic

understanding; but he was humane, rational, and immaculately just. If the prison he ruled offered no attraction to criminals, neither was it a place where hearts were cowed, and hope was lost. The young resident took a friendly interest in many of the convicts, and was on terms of intimacy with at least one, — the famous "Irish giant," Ned Baldwin, who stood six feet seven, and who was serving a sentence for assault and battery committed when he was drunk. From this man Dr. White took sparring lessons, asking no mercy, and receiving none. The course of instruction gave him many a bruised and broken hour, but he profited by it all his life.

A less agreeable experience was an encounter with an ex-bruiser, to whom he gave bitter offence by refusing to allow him a sick diet. The man swore hideously that as soon as he was released from prison he would celebrate his freedom by cutting out the resident's heart, a threat which left Dr. White wholly unruffled, but which he was destined to remember. A few years later he was exercising with Indian clubs at the gymnasium of "Professor" Billy McLean when the door opened, and the ex-bruiser silently entered. The doctor held fast to his clubs (wishing heartily they were dumb-bells), and waited. The man stared for an instant, then recognized his companion, and smiled broadly. "Hallo, Doctor, glad to see you," he said with democratic cordiality, and went about his busi-

ness. Had he been a Sicilian! But Americans are ill-disposed to rancour or revenge.

When Dr. White left the prison, and set up housekeeping for himself on Sixteenth Street, he gave a released convict his "chance." The man was an intelligent negro who had served a twelve years' sentence for killing his wife. Dr. White took him for a servant, trusted him, and slept alone in the house with him for months. Could the unfortunate creature have remained sober, he might have repaid this trust with fidelity; but he drank, and, under the influence of liquor, stole. His master caught him in the act, kicked him downstairs, found to his infinite relief that this vigorous treatment had sobered without injuring him, and turned the rogue out of doors, — thus severing what he thought was his last connection with the Penitentiary. The fates ruled otherwise. Nine years later he was appointed by Governor Pattison to be one of the Inspectors of the institution he knew so well, and had so faithfully served.

CHAPTER IV

SURGEON AND TROOPER

IN 1876 Dr. White spread his sails to a favouring wind, and started upon his long, brilliant, and arduous career as a practising surgeon in Philadelphia. He was at this time Assistant Demonstrator of Practical Surgery in the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, and also Assistant to the Surgical Dispensary Service. Within two years he received two posts, differing widely in their scope, in the surroundings they involved, and in the duties they entailed; but equally welcome to his keen and many-sided ambition. In 1877 he was elected surgeon to the First City Troop, and in 1878 he was given the lectureship on Venereal Diseases in the University's Spring Session. The lectureship was in line with his professional advancement, with his sober studies, and reasonable aspirations. The position in the City Troop was a daring venture, upon which relatives and friends (cautious rather than sympathetic) were disposed to look askance. It meant entrance upon a career more gay than useful, more vivid than strenuous, more pleasant than profitable. Dr. White was only twenty-seven years old, little known in his profession, and utterly unknown

outside of it, without backing, and without fortune. He gave great promise as a surgeon, but he was still on the lowest rung of the ladder. Every step depended upon his own discretion, no less than upon his own ability. It seemed to many that he was imperilling an honourable future for the sake of a very agreeable present.

The temptation was irresistible. The golden chance which fortune flung in his way was a challenge to temerity, and the young, soberly bred doctor was the last man in Christendom to reckon dangers too closely. "The threat which runs through all the winning music of the world" was to him a lure rather than a menace. His zest for the feast of life was to the end undimmed and unvitiated. I cannot do better than quote here a paragraph from the thoughtful and admirable paper of Thomas Robins, which aptly illustrates this phase of his friend's advancement:

"There were always two Whites. One was the man who burned the midnight oil, the man ambitious for professional success, the man whose wide reading and studious turn of mind made him an effective teacher, and a master of the intricacies of a difficult science. That was the White of the profession. The other White was a light-hearted boy, loving out-door life, gay companionship, the society of men of the world, the sports of the country gentleman, the midnight chimes. That was the White who quickly acquired

the wide acquaintance, and bound to himself, as with hooks of steel, the affections of many men, and the absolute devotion of a group who cared nothing for his professional attainments, but who were willing to trust any man who rode a steeplechase as fearlessly as did the spectacled young surgeon. To his last hour, White never knew which of the two lives he liked the better, — the one which threw him with scientific men, or the other which allied him with the votaries of Pan."

Forty years ago the passion for athletics was less common, and far less glorified, than it is to-day. Dr. White's prowess in this field was held to be, at best, an eccentricity; at worst, a danger signal. A physician was then expected to amble around from patient to patient, from office to lecture room or dispensary; to drive — when he could afford it — a covered buggy with a negro boy to hold the horse; to grow round-shouldered stooping over his desk; to have a good bedside manner, and a list of acceptable stories. He laboured under the disadvantage of not being able to acquire a family practice until he was married, and of not being able to marry until he had a practice. He was held to book almost as rigidly as a clergyman. Dr. White presented a sharp contrast to this recognized and familiar type. He was just beginning to "make good"; yet he spent his spare hours with young, gay, light-hearted men, sparred with pugilists,

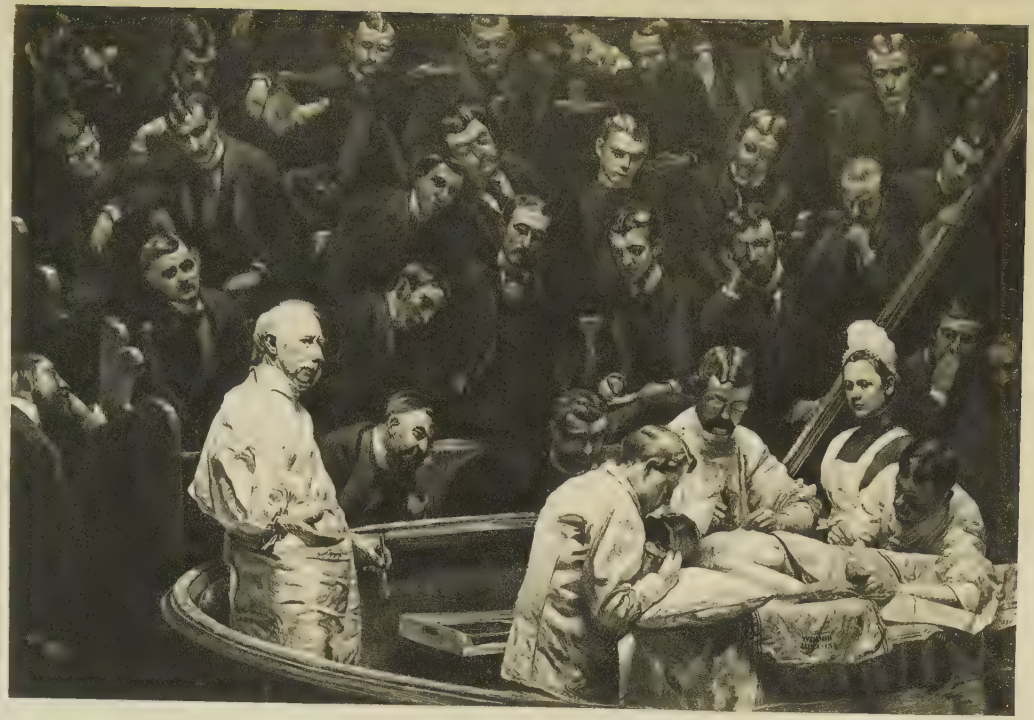
rode hard and well, and swam from the Atlantic City lighthouse to the "elephant," nine miles along the coast. Perhaps if he had possessed the lazy good-humour which so often accompanies great physical strength, these feats might have been more easily forgiven; but his irascible temper was imperfectly controlled, his anger flared like a resinous torch, he was as impatient of folly as if it were not the appointed portion of mankind, and he had not a grain of meekness in his spiritual constitution. Exaggeration was foreign to his mind and speech. He was more prone to under-statements than to over-statements all his life. But he never understood the staying power of patience; he never knew that the soul armed with this weapon can fight against heavy odds.

If, as Mr. Robins says, young men — in contradistinction to old ones — were disposed to trust implicitly in a doctor who shared their sports and excelled in them, they did not trust in vain. Dr. White repaid their confidence with kindness and wise counsel. He understood the spirit of youth because it throbbed exultantly in his own veins; but he had always a clear insight into values. He knew that, in the final analysis, it is character, and character only, that counts. Excess was distasteful to him, weakness unknown. *Mens sana in corpore sano* was the creed he preached, the rule he lived by. There were gaps in his philosophy, and far horizons which he never

scanned; but he was a friend of all who faced life bravely, and a tonic to the morally debilitated.

There was but one break for many years in his professional life. In November, 1879, he went to Europe for the first time, having in his charge his uncle, Dr. S. S. White, who had been seriously ill. It was a brief and tragic experience. The patient had hardly reached France when he grew rapidly worse, and died in Paris on December 30. His nephew returned with the body, and never again crossed the Atlantic until after his marriage in 1888.

As early as 1878 we find Dr. White in consultation with the famous Philadelphia surgeon, Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, who was to play so important a part in his life. Dr. Agnew was then Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, a man of great ability, of quiet wisdom, and of unbounded kindness; moderate in the acquirement of wealth, generous with his time and talents. He had taken for his model the great French military surgeon, Jean Dominique, Baron Larrey, whom Napoleon pronounced to be the best man he had ever known, and whose versatility equalled his virtues. Larrey was doctor and nurse as well as surgeon. He invented the *ambulance volante* for transporting wounded soldiers. He amputated General Silly's leg on the battle-field at Aboukir, under the enemy's fire, then took his patient on his back, and carried him safely to the



who held stern views on the propriety of silence, whose students seldom went to the Blockley clinics, and who had never found occasion for complaint. Dr. White explained curtly to the Board of Guardians that — like Dr. Agnew — he did not wish to have women at his clinics, because the nature of the diseases with which they dealt, and the condition of the patients treated at them, made the presence of female students undesirable. If, however, they thought it well to come (this being their privilege), the only course open to him was to conduct his clinics as if they were young men. It seemed to him less decent to emphasize the presence of women on such occasions than to ignore it. The Board was at liberty to ask for his resignation; but as long as he conducted the clinics, he must do so in the way which seemed to him most fitting.

The men students offered an earnest and indignant defence of their instructor. Even the poor derelicts whom he treated were eager to testify to his consideration. The Hospital Committee investigated the charges, exonerated him completely, and asked the Board of Guardians for a vote of confidence, a vote which should express absolute satisfaction with his performance of his duties. There the matter ended. The vindication strengthened Dr. White's position, and gave deep satisfaction to his friends. They knew that, although no perfected miracle of

seemliness, he could no more have offered offence to a modest woman than he could have struck a child.

The second episode was of a non-professional character, and more far-reaching in its results. Forty years ago, duelling was as obsolete in the United States as it is to-day. It was, or men thought it was, as extinct as the dodo. Yet Dr. White, disregarding both custom and consequence, fought a duel; a bloodless one, it is true, but none the less a duel, with pistols, at fifteen paces, after the approved fashion of other lands and centuries. His antagonist was Robert Adams, Jr., and the simple subject of dispute was the proper dress to be worn by a surgeon of the City Troop. Hitherto the gentlemen holding this post had been content with a nondescript but obligatory costume, which included white trousers and a blue frockcoat. Dr. White asked to be permitted to wear the uniform of the Troop. Objections were raised by certain troopers, and voiced with more force than courtesy by Mr. Adams. A quarrel, a blow (given by Dr. White), a challenge (sent by Mr. Adams), ensued. The duellists met on the Maryland-Delaware border-line, Charles H. Townsend acting as second for Dr. White, and Alexander Wood for Mr. Adams. Dr. R. William Ashbridge accompanied the party as surgeon. Shots were exchanged, Dr. White being seen to fire in the

air, the principals shook hands, and the five gentlemen returned to Philadelphia.

Such an event could not possibly be held a secret. Publicity was inevitable. To say that the newspapers snatched their chance would be to faintly express their satisfaction over this unusual and exciting scandal. Had the Philadelphia press offered a vote of thanks to the duellists for affording such priceless subject-matter for comment and criticism, it would have shown no more than decent gratitude. Instead of this, the journals united in a chorus of dispraise. They told the plain story over and over again with a wealth of varying detail. They printed grave editorials on the lawlessness of duelling. They demanded that the law-breakers should be brought to justice. They made merry over the *casus belli*. They heaped ridicule upon the "callow youths" (Dr. White was thirty years old), the fretful quarrel, the bloodless contest. Even the New York papers dropped their languid indifference to quiet Philadelphia, and took notice of the two unquiet Philadelphians. The "Herald" offered the gratuitous fiction that a lady, "whose name has been suppressed out of respect for the family," occasioned the duel. The "Sun" opined that "unearned money and idleness do not seem to agree any better with the young men of Philadelphia than with the young men of New York," — a harmless shaft to aim at the self-supporting surgeon,

who for ten years had not known or desired a respite from hard work.

Amid all this buzz and hum, Dr. White went his usual rounds, gave his lectures, visited his patients, and kept his own counsel. His only recorded comment (made to a persevering reporter) was to the effect that he looked upon duelling "as a relic of a past age, with which the present generation has nothing to do"; a sensible generalization, but not — under the circumstances — enlightening. He let the newspapers have their fling, recognizing it as their prerogative; but he permitted no personal gibes or criticism, and he was not the kind of man whom people lightly offended. "The possession of great physical strength is no mean assistance to a straightforward life," says Augustine Birrell, commenting upon Dr. Johnson. When Johnson was insulted by a rapacious bookseller, he promptly knocked the fellow down. When Foote proposed to caricature him on the stage, the great "Christian lexicographer" replied that he would, in that event, thrash the caricaturist on the street, and Foote prudently forbore. If Dr. Johnson cherished few rancours, it was largely because he tolerated no liberties. In the same unaccommodating spirit, Dr. White refused all his life to suffer any injurious word or deed. When an irritable pedestrian swore at him on the Philadelphia streets, he took the trouble (and it involved a great deal of trouble) to

get out of his carriage, demand an apology, and — not receiving it — knock the offender into the gutter. A prompt arrest followed. Dr. White told Magistrate Lennon that it was not his habit to permit insulting language. The young man who had been bowled over explained in his turn that a fracas was the last thing he had anticipated or desired. "I had no idea he" (Dr. White) "meant to fight," he said simply; "and I told him to go to Hell, just as any other gentleman would do under the circumstances."

The breach of law involved in the duel did no great harm to Mr. Adams; but there is little doubt that Dr. White suffered professionally. Nothing could hold back his private practice, which was increasing rapidly in volume and importance. Nothing could shake the confidence which Dr. Agnew and other surgeons reposed in his skill. But there was at least one institution which would have none of him because he had been a duellist. For years the incident was remembered against him. For years men shook their heads as if they expected him to run amuck through society. On the other hand, he gained (for as much as it was worth) the point under dispute, and more. He received his commission in the City Troop, wore his uniform, and, after his faithful fashion, remained for years deeply interested in its work and welfare.

There came a day when the duellists — nominally

friends after the engagement — sank all shadow of animosity, and talked the matter over with good-humoured unconcern. "You fired in the air, did n't you?" asked Mr. Adams. "Yes, I did," answered Dr. White. "I did n't," said Mr. Adams, "I fired at you."

There were those who held that to this fortunate circumstance Dr. White owed his life.

CHAPTER V

MILESTONES

THE Chinese have a saying, as true as it is old, that if a man is not tall when he is twenty, strong when he is thirty, and wise when he is forty, he will never be tall, nor strong, nor wise. After 1880, Dr. White, having passed his thirtieth year, tall enough for any eye, strong enough for any venture, began seriously to qualify for wisdom. An able man may enjoy the headlong pleasures of youth as simply and as avidly as does a fool. His advantage lies in his being able to enjoy other things as well. Ambition strengthens with the first chilling of high spirits; the overpowering interest of successful work weakens the love of play; increasing obligations leave little time for folly. A great deal has been said about the dullness of duty; but the dullness of irresponsibility is a more appalling article. It is poor fun to live in the tree-tops with Peter Pan, when, down in the city streets, men are battling for the worth of life. If Dr. White never closed his heart to the memory of old days, or to the associates who had lent them gaiety, he turned his mind resolutely to the new order of purpose and achievement. The annals of the University show him filling year by year positions of

increased responsibility, — Demonstrator of Surgery, Lecturer, Assistant Surgeon on the Hospital Staff. His profession engrossed his time and interests. He worked harder and harder as his will concentrated itself upon the tasks of every day. If he kept a quarrel or two on hand, it was only for the sake of an occasional and needed distraction.

One gift was his throughout life. He was always able to express his convictions and impart his knowledge in terms which were intelligible to his chosen audience. When he spoke to students, he bore in mind their intellectual limitations, and made his meaning clear as daylight to their not very receptive minds. When he gave his emergency lectures at Blockley, his language was so simple, his demonstrations so well chosen and so well executed, that no one could fail to understand him. The laity was then just beginning to realize the comprehensive nature of its ignorance, its inability to give "first aid" to the sick and injured. Dr. White's lectures became enormously popular, and so fashionable that attentive newspapers printed lists of names, headed "Among those present," as if the sober audience which gathered, notebook in hand, had been dancing at an Assembly.

This was the time when the English nurse, Miss Alice Fisher, was head of the Blockley training-school, and had accomplished many needed reforms.

She was a woman who presented the rare combination of unusual intelligence, a pleasing address, and heroic devotion to a purpose. The daughter of a clergyman, the granddaughter of a head-master of Eton, she had received admirable instruction in the General Hospital, Birmingham. She brought with her to this country a young and very handsome assistant, Miss Edith Horner, who subsequently married Senator Hawley of Connecticut. The two women revolutionized the Philadelphia Hospital, which could well "thole a mend"; and Dr. White lent them his vigorous support. When in 1885 the typhoid epidemic broke out in Plymouth, Pennsylvania, Miss Fisher asked for a two months' holiday, which she spent organizing a hospital in the stricken town. The conditions were appalling, relief came slowly, the work to be done was beyond a woman's strength. But her courage never failed, her tenacity toughened under the weight of difficulties, and willing hands carried out her measures as well as the disastrous circumstances permitted. How many victims were saved by her heroism none will ever know. Her own life paid the forfeit. She returned to Philadelphia, and took up her old work with her old interest and vigour; but never with her old endurance. Her heart, which had been weakened by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism fifteen years earlier, was seriously affected by the strain of those two bitter

months. She died in June, 1888. Dr. White, who had been from the first her friend and ally, was her devoted physician and her executor. Her memory was long cherished by the Blockley nurses, who went in procession every year to decorate her grave. It will never, I trust, be wholly forgotten by the city which she served.

Another remarkable illustration of Dr. White's ability to reach his audience was the success which attended his emergency lectures to the Philadelphia police. The incident which occasioned them was common enough in the eighties, and is not altogether uncommon to-day. A sick man, thought to be drunk, was picked up on the streets, and locked in a station cell to die. He did die, no other course being open to him; and the evidence offered at the inquest of his decent life lent weight to the indignation aroused by his lonely and pitiful death. Everybody said the police ought to know illness from drunkenness, and one man, Dr. White, proposed to teach them the difference. His suggestion was gladly adopted by Mayor King. The lectures were given in the Police Headquarters, in Horticultural Hall, in Association Hall, and in the Medical Department of the University. An alert and attentive audience of from seventy to five hundred men attended every one. They were told how to treat accident cases, how to relieve sunstroke and heat exhaustion, how to use a

stretcher, how to recognize symptoms of heart failure and apoplexy. No man living could have conveyed this information more clearly than did Dr. White, or have riveted more closely the attention of his hearers. The only danger lay in the excessive zeal of the police, who showed a disposition to test their freshly acquired proficiency by acting on their own initiative in cases which might with propriety have been confided to a doctor.

In December, 1884, a new and eminently sympathetic field of work was opened to the busy surgeon, who hailed it as rapturously as if his days were not already full to overflowing. The University of Pennsylvania resolved to found a Department of Physical Education, along the lines established by Harvard College, and Dr. White was chosen to be its first director. Nothing could have been more to his liking. Since the days when he had lamented in his high school theme that boys had too many lessons and too little play, he had never ceased to urge the importance of athletics. He knew the perils of a sedentary life, and the perils of violent and undirected exercise. He knew that a royal road to learning is no harder to find than a royal road to health. The need of a University Gymnasium had been ever present in his mind. The position offered him was one of dignity and importance. It made him a member of the Faculty, it enabled him to advance a cause which

he had deeply at heart, and it brought him into new contact with the student body.

For three years he laboured unceasingly, and without salary, to raise the standard of athletics. He offered a cup for competition; he reorganized the annual Bowl Fight, making it less of a scrimmage and more of a contest; he began to raise money and to consider plans for the Gymnasium. In November, 1886, we find him warmly seconding Dr. Sargent of Harvard in a defence of college football. When his election to the newly created chair of Genito-Urinary Surgery at the University made it sheerly impossible for him to continue to hold the directorship of Physical Education, he resigned it in 1887, with infinite regret, and without any slackening of interest in its work. His enthusiasm rose to fever pitch when, in the same year, William Byrd Page, son of S. Davis Page of Philadelphia, Assistant United States Treasurer, broke his own record, and, incidentally, the world's record, by clearing the bar at six feet four inches in a running jump on the University Athletic Association grounds. That the English athletes, Clarke and Ray, should have been present on this memorable occasion added to the general satisfaction. Philadelphia found herself, and was well pleased to find herself, "respected like the lave."

In June, 1888, Dr. White married Letitia, daughter of Mr. Benjamin H. Brown, and sailed with his bride

for England. From this year date the voluminous diaries which he never failed to keep of his summer wanderings; but, which, alas! always came to an end when he returned home, and took up the really interesting things of life. All records of travel are curiously alike. Mr. Brownell says that, beside Hawthorne's "Note-Books," "Baedeker reads like Gibbon"; and where Hawthorne succumbed, who is strong enough to resist? Good letter-writers grow monumentally dull when they take a journey, and tell us what they have seen, — James Howell being the only notable exception to this rule. Dr. White's diaries are full of minute detail, because, as in the old Hassler days, he could not bear to leave anything untold. That he should have had the time and the patience to write them is one of the many marvels of his life. He travelled hard and fast, he saw everything that was to be seen; yet if he had his greatcoat cleaned, or Mrs. White left her ulster to be shortened, he made a leisurely entry of the fact.

In London he met the famous surgeon, Mr. Treves, afterwards Sir Frederick Treves, and laid the foundation of a singularly happy friendship. He also met Sir Joseph Lister, afterwards Lord Lister, for whom he entertained the deepest reverence, and with whom he spent "the most interesting evening of my life," talking antiseptic surgery until midnight. His own lectures on antiseptics had crowded the University

lecture room during the previous winter, and it was with enthusiasm that he listened to the man whose power of observation had revolutionized the treatment of wounds, and saved so many lives. It was significant of Dr. White's sane and robust attitude to his profession that the saving of life was for him the aim and end of surgery. Research, demonstration, scientific principles, interested him less than the patient he had on hand, and who sometimes betrayed a lamentable and unsportsmanlike disposition to die. "Il faut beaucoup pardonner à la nature," said Fagon, the famous physician of Louis the Fourteenth. Dr. White forgave nothing. He entertained a deep and well-warranted suspicion that what nature is after is to kill, and he fought this purpose with all the energy of his soul. Being asked once if the skill of a surgeon lay in his knowledge of anatomy, in the sureness of his diagnosis, or in the delicacy of his touch, he said simply that, to his mind, the skill of a surgeon lay in his ability to keep his patient alive after an operation. Otherwise, *cui bono?*

It was perhaps inevitable that, in this first foreign summer, Dr. White should have behaved as if nothing in Europe was going to last another year. Not satisfied with Paris hospitals, and German rivers, and Swiss glaciers, and Flemish pictures, the dauntless pair went buoyantly to Italy in August, and have left it on record that, on the fifteenth of that in-

auspicious month, they saw Pompeii and climbed Vesuvius. Pompeii and Vesuvius on one day, and that day the 15th of August! "Few women could have accomplished it," writes the diarist proudly; and, of a certainty, not many would have tried.

For five successive summers the programme of European travel was repeated, but never at the same impetuous speed, and never with the same heavy sense of responsibility. By the following June the doctor had grown so lax that he could write in his diary, "It is hardly worth while to attempt a description of the Elgin marbles." Twelve months before he would not have turned idly from this task. He can also accuse his friend and companion, Hartman Kuhn, of making up *his* diary with an open Baedeker for inspiration. Baedekers and tourist diaries are as inseparable as the Siamese twins. The correctness with which Dr. White packs the consonants into the names of his Welsh villages proves the benign presence of a guide-book.

The summer of 1890 contained three memorable experiences. A lazy little trip with Treves and his family in a house-boat on the Broads, a tour of the Berlin hospitals in company with Sir Joseph Lister, and a visit to Count Pappenheim (who had married Miss Mary Wheeler of Philadelphia) in his Bavarian home. The first occurrence was the most enjoyable. The carefully planned idleness of an Eng-

lish holiday was a revelation to the busy American tourists. The boat, like the famous Mississippi steamer, was warranted to float "wherever the ground was a little damp." Its occupants were congenial companions. "I consider it great good luck," notes the doctor in his diary, "that Treves should turn out to be the sort of fellow he is; as fond of bathing and swimming as I am" (which meant that he was semi-amphibious), "and ready for any kind of fun." The Bavarian visit involved meeting a great many Germans, new in type, and therefore profoundly interesting to Dr. White, who, all his life, approached men of every rank and condition with mental ease. It was this distinguishing characteristic, coupled with the tenacity of his friendships, which made human intercourse so sweet.

As for the Berlin hospitals, the diary must speak for itself. There are several entries, but one will suffice. The doctor went with Lister to see Dr. Von Bergmann, who had the most important surgical practice in the Empire, demonstrate in the Royal Clinic his method of dressing wounds. A number of women, whose breasts had been excised for cancer, were shown to the students. "The scars were ugly, pigmented, irregular and irritable," writes the American surgeon. "The dressings stank. Pus ran out of the wounds. I have helped Agnew with hundreds of these cases, and have operated on dozens of them,

and I can truthfully say that we have never had such wretched results. Other cases brought in were not much better, and I left the Clinic, disgusted with this first glimpse of German surgery. Lister shared my view, and expressed himself strongly to me on the subject."

In the summer of 1891, Dr. and Mrs. White went with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harrison on their yacht, Speranza, to Norway and the North Cape, to Stockholm and to Russia. It was a life of comparative leisure (save for a breathless rush to Moscow), and of superlative luxury. Eating and drinking play a heavy part in the yachtman's monotonous existence (there were days when the bill of fare was apparently the only thing to be noted); and one wonders if, in this welter of menus, the doctor ever recalled the long, long week of pork and beans and hard work on the heaving decks of the Hassler. He plunged deeply into Russian history by way of preparing for St. Petersburg, and was a bit dumbfounded by this first introduction to the annals of the Romanoffs. "The only thing I know to compare with it in the way of family history," he writes, "is one of those that we made in our reports at the Eastern Penitentiary, to show how criminality may be inherited."

It was at the close of this varied tour that a new light broke upon Dr. White's mind, a new resolve entered his soul. Europe attracted him as powerfully

as ever, but Europe did not necessarily imply perpetual motion. If Treves could stay in one place (and that place usually remote from civilization), and be happy, why should not he? The English surgeon's simple conception of surroundings was like that of Thomas à Kempis: "What canst thou see elsewhere that thou dost not see here? Behold the heavens, and the earth, and all the elements; for out of these are all things made." The American surgeon, town-bred, and with the restlessness of his race, could never attain that serene hold upon nature, that closeness to mother earth, which gives the Briton, as it gave Antæus, his mighty staying-power. But he was well equipped for an ordinary outdoor life. A strong swimmer, a tireless walker, an admirable horseman, a devoted cyclist, a persevering fisherman, he could always make sure of occupation and fatigue. In every one of these fields Mrs. White played her heroic part, — vaulting ambition making up for any lack of physical endurance. A determination to "travel less and rest more" is recorded in the diary, and it bore fruit in two successive English holidays, one spent in West Lulworth, and one in the Scillies, and both filled to the brim with the simple happenings common to English country life.

Now and then a very uncommon happening varied the pleasant monotony. A little Lulworth girl, twelve years old, the daughter of Captain Lecky of

the coast guard, slipped over a cliff three hundred and eighty feet high, falling on a rough pebbly shore, and sustaining no other injury than a broken ankle. The two surgeons attended the child who was so hard to kill, and vouched for her recovery. Sometimes the exigencies of British decorum bore heavily on the roving American. Dr. White was not wont to go to church, and his laxness in this regard startled Mr. Treves's little daughters, who had attached themselves ardently to their father's friend. For weeks they asked no questions, and then curiosity and desire got the better of politeness. "Why don't you ever come to church with us?" said the younger and bolder child. "Because, my dear," was the sober answer, "I promised my mother that I never would."

The summer of 1894 stands out from the rolling years because it was actually spent "at home," — if a hunter's camp in the Rockies can be so described. Lured by the seductive narratives of Dr. Charles B. Penrose, and dazzled by his exploits, Dr. and Mrs. White forswore civilization for three months, and fled to the wilderness with a train of five saddle-horses, eleven pack-horses, two admirable guides, and a bad cook. Their first camp was pitched by Hell Roaring Creek, whose headlong falls were not then coveted by contending industries; their second, on Snake River above Jackson's Lake. A tepee or Indian lodge, fifteen feet in diameter and fifteen

feet high, with three feet of door and a hole to let out the smoke, made them a dry and comfortable habitation. A cooking tent, a dining tent, and sleeping tents for the men completed their quarters. Their principal avocations were fishing for reluctant trout (even the hungry and credulous lake trout scorned their advances), and pursuing the trail of deer and elk which seldom or never materialized. In the happy absence of letters and newspapers, they were able to concentrate their attention upon matters at hand, upon those few and bleak essentials which are alike for the savage and the civilized man.

The abundant entries in the diary (there was time and to spare for writing) reveal, not so much enjoyment, as a heroic determination to enjoy. Dr. White loved the long rough rides, the exhilarating altitude, — seven thousand feet above the sea, — the splendour of his surroundings. For a happy man, he was always singularly sensitive to natural scenery, which, to many of us, is a solace reserved for old age and disappointments. He was content with the wholesome simplicities of a hunter's life, — bread and bacon and cheese for a noonday meal, elk steaks and onions at night. When the butter grew strong enough to "walk alone," he contentedly resigned this beloved article of diet. He began by bathing gingerly and by sections in the ice-cold mountain streams, and he ended, like a good mountaineer, by narrowing

the sections until they reached "the nearest thing to nothing." He slept soundly in his warm bag, and he endured, though not with equanimity, the onslaughts of mosquitoes. He let his beard grow, "the ugliest thing of its age ever seen," and he looked — to the dispassionate eyes of his wife — "like a cross between Bill Sikes and the Wandering Jew."

But he had a not unreasonable conviction that the compensation of a hunter's life is hunting; and the scarcity of game, combined with his own inexpertness, caused him many disappointments. He records proudly, but soberly, that Mrs. White surpassed him as a rifle shot; and, indeed, she brought down her first bull elk fifteen days, and her second eight days, before he shot his one and only — but very handsome — specimen. Her amazing pluck, energy, and fortitude enabled her to bear endless fatigue and exposure. When they changed camps, she rode twelve hours, climbing rough trails, wading deep fords, and coming in at nightfall "quite chipper." When I add that she learned to cook their simple fare — Dr. White "could n't boil a quart of water without burning it" — and to wash their scanty outfit, it must be admitted that she was the better backwoodsman of the two.

In the Penrose camp, all was different. Dr. Penrose was an old hand at the sport. The game, which so gleefully eluded Dr. White, fell easy victims to his

practised hand. The fish, when he cast his fly, recognized their appointed destiny, and rose briskly to fulfil it. Moreover, he could cook, and dearly loved this noble and civilizing art. He permitted Mrs. Penrose to make the coffee, and one of the guides to bake the bread and biscuits; but "soups, meats and fancy dishes" he took under his own care. His chowders and stews were so savoury that his hungry friends offered him five dollars a day to come over to their camp and cook. The mere sight of him flourishing ladles and basting-forks, and wiping these instruments on his buckskin breeches, filled the onlookers with admiration and with appetite. "If we should run out of provisions before the end of the summer," comments Dr. White musingly, "those buckskins would make rich nutritious soup which would keep us all alive for a week."

To the Penrose camp came hunters and trappers, friends of other seasons, who told strange tales of their rude, adventurous lives. The one who most deeply interested the Whites was an Englishman, Richard Lee, known as "Beaver Dick," who had been brought to this country a child of eight, and reared in the woods like a young savage. He had married two Indian wives, and he told his sympathetic listeners how he and his first wife and six children had unwittingly moved into a cabin where there had been a case of smallpox; in consequence

of which mishap he had, as he feelingly expressed it, "lost the whole damn outfit in a week." His second wife, "Suse," was a capable treasure of a woman, a true helpmate, with all the useful arts of savagery and civilization at her finger-ends.

On the whole, the camping summer was a satisfactory one, — an interesting thing to have done. Dr. White never regretted the experience, and never repeated it.

CHAPTER VI

THE YEARS THAT COUNT

WHILE the summers sped smoothly by, the winters in Philadelphia were rough, tumultuous, and triumphant. In February, 1889, Dr. White was elected to the chair of Clinical Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania. His eminence in his profession was undisputed, and it was with the voice of authority that he upheld two great and sorely needed reforms, — the Medical Examiners' Bill, and the four years' course for medical students. The bill, which aimed at protecting the public from ignorant practitioners, was warmly supported by Dr. Agnew and Dr. Pepper. It is amazing to reflect upon the indifference of the general public thirty years ago as to the fitness of the young men turned out from cheap schools, and permitted to practise upon the public. Sir Walter Scott once found a Scottish blacksmith parading as a doctor in an English village. When he remonstrated with the man upon his iniquitous conduct, and asked him if he did not sometimes kill his patients, the loyal Caledonian answered composedly: "Oh, aye, maybe sae. Whiles they die, and whiles no; but it's the will o' Providence. Ony how, your Honour, it wad be lang before it makes

up for Flodden." In much the same spirit, a host of stalwart young blunderers gave to an American public the benefit of their comprehensive ignorance.

There was no great difficulty in pushing the bill through the state legislature; but what Agnew and Pepper and White had never anticipated was the claim made by Homœopathists and Eclectics to an equal representation on the board. There were then in Pennsylvania about seven thousand allopathic, seven hundred homœopathic, and three hundred eclectic physicians. An amendment to the bill provided that the Governor should not appoint on the board of examiners a majority of any one school. It was carried, — some shadowy notion of fair play to the under dog influencing our kind-hearted lawgivers. The consequence was that the irregulars had a working majority over the regulars, who naturally did not like it. Those were days when the rival schools "fought bitter and regular like man and wife." There was no pretence of accommodation on one side, or smiling indifference on the other.

As for the four years' course of study, the arguments against it were all purely and frankly sentimental. Such legislature, it was urged, was aimed at the poor boy who could not afford to spend four years in a medical school. It favoured the rich man's son to whom time and money meant nothing. It was unfair and tyrannous to students in needy circum-

stances. No one, it will be observed, wasted a thought upon the patients (poor enough often) whom these half-trained young men were going to assist to their graves. Dr. Roberts Bartholow of Jefferson College was of the opinion that a two years' course would be quite long enough, because, as he naïvely said, a student's real education came after he had graduated. In other words, he would be taught by his failures, — a consoling reflection. Dr. James E. Garretson of the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital denounced all measures of reform. He did not want a board of examiners. He did not want a four years' course of study. He wanted things to be just as they had always been. On the other hand, Dr. J. W. Holland, Dean of Jefferson, and Dr. Clara Marshall, Dean of the Woman's Medical College, emphatically supported the four years' course. It may be observed that England at this time required four years of study, and France, five; while, in the United States, Kentucky had a medical school which graduated a student in nine months; and Tennessee and Georgia were little more exacting. It was high time that American physicians took a stand against such perilous inefficiency. Dr. White, who held his profession in honour, and who heartily mistrusted the line of least resistance, worked unceasingly for a higher level of attainment. Six years later, we find him writing to the "University Courier" a spirited defence

of the new entrance examinations demanded by the Medical Department of the University, — examinations which were thought by many to be needlessly severe. "If there should arise," he said, "as a result of this advancement in entrance requirements, any necessity for a choice between a class of four or five hundred men, well prepared for the work of their lives, and a class of eight or nine hundred of inferior scientific attainments, I am confident that the Faculty would unhesitatingly accept the former alternative, and would be upheld in that position by the Trustees, with whom the final decision must rest."

The same winter which witnessed Dr. White's advancement in the University saw him waging a brave but losing battle for his position as chief of the surgical staff of the Philadelphia Hospital. It is a curious story of political intrigue and personal animosity. Dr. James W. White, Senior, had served for years as president of the Board of Charities and Correction. From this thankless and onerous post he was summarily dismissed, "without executive comment," by Mayor Fitler, who ruled the city paternally, and was averse to giving reasons for his acts. An angry correspondence ensued. The Mayor, entrenched in authority, and outraged by the comments of Dr. J. William White, Junior, promptly demanded his resignation from the staff of the Philadelphia

Hospital. With equal promptness and superior vigour, Dr. White refused to resign; whereupon the Mayor called upon the directors of the Board of Charities and Correction to dismiss the recalcitrant surgeon. A fearful fracas followed. The press condemned municipal despotism, and printed cartoons of Fitler in crown and ermine robes. The University students and the students who attended the Philadelphia Hospital clinics made noisy demonstrations in favour of their instructor. But the directors, or at least three out of the five, did as they were bidden. Dr. Richard A. Cleeman supported Dr. White. Mr. Richard McMurtrie refused to vote. Five other University physicians were retired at the same time, and their places filled by men from Jefferson College and the Medico-Chirurgical. Dr. H. R. Wharton, who was elected to fill Dr. White's position, flatly refused to accept it. Four years later, Dr. White was reinstated in his post amid clamorous rejoicings, and he held it until 1898, when his ever increasing duties at the University compelled him to reluctantly resign.

In April, 1890, Dr. White contributed to the "Medical News" an article recommending the electric chair in place of the gallows. It is a strong argument, and, what is more, a readable paper, showing that curious literary twist which he was wont to give to subjects seemingly remote from literature. It also reveals a relentless common sense, sharply at va-

riance with the sentimentality then beginning to dominate a restless, anxious, and humane public. He advocates electricity because it is less terrifying and painful to the criminal. But he advocates it still more urgently because the brutality of hanging, and its sinister associations, influence juries to acquit, and governors to pardon. "Punishment," he says truly, "is a deterrent influence in proportion to its certainty, not its severity." His association with the Penitentiary had given him an insight into that direful thing, the criminal mind, and had convinced him that the most powerful influence to control it is a reasonable fear of the law, and of the consequences of breaking the law. He agrees with Dr. Holmes's verdict: "Nothing stands in the way of the selfish motive which leads to crime except some stronger selfish motive." He quotes with relish a passage from an intercepted letter written by a convict in Australia (where a murderous assault upon a warden was at that time a capital offence) to a fellow cracksman at home. "They top" (hang) "a cove out here for slogging a bloke. That bit of rope, dear Jack, is a great check on a man's temper." [1]

In November, 1890, the first importation of Dr. Robert Koch's famous "lymph" reached Philadelphia. The press and public were greatly agitated

[1] *The Punishment and Prevention of Crime.* By Colonel Sir Edmund Du Cane, Inspector of Prisons in Great Britain.

over its arrival; the physicians, cautious and reserved. The five members of the Philadelphia Tuberculosis Commission, to whom was entrusted the handling of the new remedy, were Dr. William Pepper, Dr. James Tyson, Dr. John Musser, Dr. White, and Dr. John Guiteras, who had gone over to Germany to study its use, and was still in Berlin. There was a painful rush to the hospitals of patients eager for the magic cure, yet so unreasonably alarmed that, after the first injection, many refused a second, and many more a third. Eight cases were selected for treatment at the University Hospital, those of lupus being assigned to Dr. White. Reporters, who had hitherto been restricted to glimpses of the little tubes filled with reddish-brown liquid, were admitted to the operating-room; and one of them, true to his training, described with accuracy and animation the rings on the fingers of a female patient. The lymph brought nothing but disappointment to the sick, and to the less sanguine physicians. Confidence waned steadily until its flickering gleams died in a dead level of despondency. There are few things sadder than the long story of "cures" for the incurables. Hope dies so hard, and human beings so easily.

In the spring of 1891, Dr. William Pepper's generous gift of fifty thousand dollars to the permanent endowment fund of the Medical Department of the University, and the ready assistance proffered by

Dr. Agnew, Dr. White, Dr. William Goodell, and Dr. H. C. Wood, relieved the school from financial strain, raised its standard, and insured the four years' course, so essential to its dignity and usefulness. The following March, Dr. Agnew died, full of years and honours, leaving behind him a name cherished by friends, and reverenced by his profession. A year later Dr. White was elected patron of the D. Hayes Agnew Surgical Society. It was a responsibility he did not covet, and an honour he could not refuse. He was formally installed at the annual dinner of the society in the Bellevue-Stratford, and the enthusiasm which greeted him expressed alike the pride the city took in his achievements, and the warm affection of his friends. His speech on this occasion, as on all other occasions, had that ring of candour, of straight and strong sincerity, which never failed to reach his hearers' hearts. He summed up the experience of forty-three years when he said, "I have been reasonably successful in life; but I have always felt in my own case the truth of Dr. Franklin's words, that, if men are honest, they will admit that their success is more of a marvel to themselves than it can ever be to others."

An instance of undoubted success, which surprised no one, was the reception accorded to "The American Text-Book of Surgery," edited by Dr. W. W. Keen and Dr. White, and published in 1893. It was

immediately adopted by forty-nine medical schools and colleges, including the Kansas City Homœopathic Medical College, which knew a good thing when it saw one. Australia welcomed the book warmly, and its steady sales compelled its editors to issue, three years later, a new and revised edition.

In the summer of 1895, Dr. and Mrs. White went to Spain and southern France. On the voyage to Gibraltar they encountered Mr. John Sargent, the artist; and an acquaintance begun over a game of chess, the "glad conquest" of a summer hour, ripened into a warm and lifelong friendship. Together they travelled to Tangiers and to Granada, where Sargent lingered while the more impetuous tourists speeded on their way. He had come to Spain to make studies of the Spanish Madonnas; and although no word of his could open Dr. White's eyes and heart to the beauty of Murillo (a love for whom is one of life's benefactions), and although no argument of the doctor's could arouse in the artist's soul a true eagerness for athletics, the two men had, nevertheless, a hearty enjoyment of each other's companionship. It is amusing to note that when, in 1898, Dr. White's enthusiasm for cycling had reached its height, he actually bullied Sargent into buying a new wheel, declaring, on the authority of a surgeon, that his friend was "soft and in need of exercise." The following summer, golf was his ruling passion; and the poor

artist, having come trustfully to visit him at Barton Court, was sent at once around the links with Mrs. White as an instructor. "It would be a good thing for him if he should come to like it," writes the doctor with enchanting seriousness in his diary.

It was in the spring of this year, 1899, that the report of Mr. Sargent's death in London had reached the United States, and, before there was time to contradict it, the American newspapers snatched their chance to print long-cherished portraits, and exhaustive notices of his work. Fatigue in connection with the Royal Academy Hanging Committee was given as the somewhat inadequate cause of death. "Expired after a brief illness at the house of his son," was the headline to which the great artist took, as an unmarried man, especial exception. "Had I died anywhere," he said virtuously, "it would not have been in the house of a son."

Dr. White's friendship with Mr. Edwin Abbey was as warm and as constant as his friendship with Mr. Sargent. He never went to England without paying a brief visit to Morgan Hall at Fairford, where Abbey had built a studio "as big as a barn," and where in 1897 he was hard at work on the "Holy Grail" decorations for the Boston Library. These crowded and glowing canvases, Dr. White pronounces to be "simply magnificent"; and there is little doubt that in the artist's vast and empty studio they had the

space they need, and did not appear to be pushing the public out of the room, as they do in their narrower confines.

The inextinguishable passion for athletics coloured Dr. White's life, affording him the pleasures of his youth, the enthusiasms of his middle age, and the adamantine convictions which lasted until his death. The summer of 1896 was spent in New England, and he had the supreme satisfaction of witnessing the Newport swimming feats of Mr. Peter McNally, Mr. Charles Oelrichs, and Mr. Robert Ralston. They interested him all the more deeply because, sixteen years earlier, he himself had covered the course now mapped out for one of the younger athletes. In September, 1880, he swam from the Spring Wharf, Newport, across the harbour, past Fort Adams Wharf, and south of Beaver Tail to the head of Narragansett Pier Beach. The distance was nine miles, the day chill and windy, the time four hours and fifty minutes. Twice during the swim, a raw egg and a dash of sherry was handed out to him from the accompanying boat. Even at forty-six, though he could no longer repeat the triumphs of his youth, he took part in a genial game devised by Mr. Oelrichs, and called "Angling for Men." The swimmer was attached to a stout line which did not interfere with his motions. If he were hauled by the anglers into the boat, he lost his game. If he successfully resisted them, he

won. Mr. Belmont, Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, and Mr. James Kernochan angled thirty-eight minutes for Dr. White, while the gray-haired and distinguished surgeon plunged, gambolled, and strained in the heaving waters. He was dragged to within a hundred feet of the anchored boat, but not close enough to be landed. It was an engaging sport.

To a man so deeply concerned with every form of exercise, the college football games were necessarily matters of vital interest. As surgeon for the Pennsylvania team, Dr. White stood responsible for the men's physical condition; as a most loyal son of the University, their victories filled him with elation, their defeats with gloom. The controversy over preliminary training raged hotly in the autumn of 1896. The Pennsylvania men were taken in the summer to Long Island for three weeks' practice. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton had abandoned this system, though their teams met occasionally in the holidays to "try out." Mr. Caspar Whitney, writing in "Harper's Weekly," attacked the summer training as savouring unduly of professionalism. Mr. Henry Geyelin, Mr. John Bell, Mr. George Wharton Pepper, and Dr. White defended it vigorously, not only because it put the men in good shape, but because it saved time and fatigue when they were back in college. A vast deal of comment, not unmixed with acrimony, was expended on this dispute. Those were care-free

days. We look back on them now very much as Pandora might, in her old age, have looked back upon the smiling, frolicsome years when the box-lid was shut down, and no troubles had been let loose upon the world.

As for the safety-loving people, the pacifists of that time, who condemned football *in toto* as a brutal and dangerous game, Dr. White entertained for them a sincere and outspoken contempt. Their point of view was alien to his spirit. He knew that in England, as well as in the United States, there were men and women who held these unworthy opinions; and he was much comforted by a letter from Treves, defending football, not only as one of the best and bravest, but as one of the safest of sports. "More lads die from loafing in a public house on Saturday afternoons," wrote the British surgeon, "than ever die from playing football one afternoon in the week. I played every Saturday during the season until I was twenty-one. I was a member of the Hospital team, and we played in only first-class matches. I can recollect in all this time only two cases of concussion, two broken legs, and some broken ribs. As for myself, I broke two metacarpal bones, and that was all. Put these broken bones on the debit side, and then try to estimate what must be written on the credit side. To drive through the streets in a hansom cab is more dangerous than to play football matches."

There are readers to whom Treves's list of casualties suggests the philosophic attitude of a countrywoman who was asked if she did not find an unprotected well-curb a bit dangerous for her large family of children. "Well, no," she said thoughtfully, "not so bad as you might think. We've lived here nigh on to seven years, and have lost only two of 'em."

But, after all, to inquire too curiously into dangers, to count too closely the cost of all we do, is a disquieting and a withering process. We lose a great deal, and — such is the irony of fate — we are not sure of saving anything. There is a satisfactory little poem of Bret Harte's, in which the man who dares not hunt lest he be hurt, and who dares not sail lest he be drowned, stays at home, and is swallowed up in an earthquake. Dr. White's simple and brave philosophy was proof against every form of panic. He gave it voice at the reception offered by the Mask and Wig Club to the Pennsylvania football team, in November, 1898. It had been a hard season, and the Thanksgiving game which closed it had been played — and well played — in the teeth of a furious storm. I quote a portion of Dr. White's speech on this occasion, because it expresses with animation and sincerity his lifelong point of view:

"Last Thursday gave apparent support to those who object to football on account of the exposure it involves; and the game, from that standpoint, will

probably never have a more severe test. This is the only time I have seen it played under such circumstances, and it is unlikely that it will be so played again. I therefore regard Thursday as a supreme test of the sincerity of my own convictions, and I have thought much and seriously on the matter since then. During the whole game a driving gale was blowing from the northwest, carrying with it rain and snow. The field was a quagmire of ice-cold mud and snow, with pools of icy water on the surface. In five minutes every man was soaked to the skin, and his clothes weighed many pounds more than when he put them on. The first half lasted for more than an hour, and the work was hard and exhausting. We must also take into account the dispiriting influence of an adverse score.

"The newspapers have not exaggerated the apparently appalling condition of the men at the end of this half. Many of them were shaking so that they could not give the least aid toward getting off their wet clothes; could not carry their hands to their mouths with the hot soup which was given them; could not talk intelligibly for the chattering of their teeth; could scarcely feel the vigorous chafing of their hands and feet.

"I should be opposed to subjecting them again to such suffering (it went far beyond discomfort). I should be opposed to risk losing a game by the toss

of a coin, when well-earned victory means so much to all Pennsylvanians. I thought for a few moments that, as football players, the team was done for that day. But I never for a moment, after looking them over, felt anxiety as to the ultimate effect upon their health. We know that men in such condition, with their vitality so strong and their power of resistance at so high a level, repel, not only cold and fatigue, which are of minor importance, but those forms of infection which, favoured by cold and fatigue, are potent, in the presence of low vitality and diminished resistant power, to produce fever, pneumonia, grippe, and other diseases.

"The reasons for my unshaken confidence in Pennsylvania spirit and pluck are obvious. I have many times admired the men who represent us on the football field; but never so deeply as on last Thursday, when those eleven frozen, purple, shivering, chattering players, after a brief ten minutes spent in trying to get warm, went out again into that storm, overcame an adverse score, and wrested victory from the hands of worthy and formidable opponents. They deserve to be honoured, not only by every Pennsylvanian, but by every one who loves manliness and courage."

It is little wonder that this kind of eloquence, simple, sincere, plain-spoken, found its way to the student's heart. It is little wonder that "Doctor Bill" is still a name to conjure by. No one who has

heard the victorious team stand cheering on an autumn night before the surgeon's door, no one who has listened to the long-drawn cry —

Ra, ra, ra,
Penn-syl-va-ni-a,
White! White! White! —

can doubt the place he held.

Two months after this memorable Thanksgiving game, Dr. White went to Boston to address the New England Alumni Society of the University of Pennsylvania. On this occasion he delivered a glowing eulogy upon Benjamin Franklin, — *as an athlete.* With a hardihood of imagination which we cannot sufficiently admire, he pictured "Poor Richard" as contemplating with especial gratification the football games. "The man who prided himself in his youth on his swimming, and on his ability to carry a printer's 'form' in each hand, while his fellow workmen could carry but one, the man who made athletic sports an integral part of his proposed curriculum for the Academy, would not only rejoice to have 'Franklin Field' named after him, but would join with us in our enthusiasm over the victories won on that and other fields by the representatives of Pennsylvania."

This is an original point of view. Franklin was so many things, — statesman, scientist, philosopher, and economist, that his athletic side has been ob-

scured by time. It is hard to fancy him cheering, whooping, and waving his respectable hat as the Quakers rush to goal.

And swimming? What did Franklin know of that noble art as practised by a modern enthusiast? Many of Dr. White's summer diaries read like the records of a merman. If he were within reach of the sea, he spent more time in it than out of it. There is something so monotonous in these perpetual immersions, that no terrestrial reader can fail to enjoy his lamentable experiences in Holland. Thither he went with Treves in August, 1898, confidently hoping that in this level and sea-girt land they could cycle and bathe, cycle and bathe, cycle and bathe, through the long, hot, happy days. Save in the matter of heat, they found themselves mistaken. The tideless and filthy waters of the Zuyder Zee repelled even their ardour. At Zandvoort they joyfully essayed the lapping waters of the North Sea, and were so badly stung by jelly fish that the two surgeons were ill for several days. Mrs. White escaped more lightly. Finally at Scheveningen, where the wide, hospitable surf invited their advances, they found, first, that after 4 P.M. no one was permitted to bathe at all; second, that an hour's wait for a bathing-house was the preliminary of every dip; and third, that when they ventured out to their arm-pits in a smooth sea, a "life-guard" shouted and blew his horn to bring

them back to land. If they did not at once return, he waded out and "rescued" them. It was a humiliating experience for a man who had swum from Newport to Narragansett Beach to have a Dutch official, decorated with a life-saving medal, play the Newfoundland dog trick with him in safe and quiet waters. Dr. White's language on this occasion was so vitriolic that Treves urged him to publish an "English and Gehennese Phrase-Book," which should meet all such emergencies, and help the inarticulate tourist on his way. It was to begin with familiar colloquialisms, such as "What the Hell," "How the Hell," "Where the Hell," "Who the Hell," "Why the Hell," and after translating these into divers tongues, was to advance by degrees to more fervid and complicated utterances.

Perhaps it may be well to say here that swearing was never for Dr. White "the riotous medium of the under-languaged." His vocabulary was large, his speech was trenchant. He was well aware that the value of an oath lies in its timeliness and its rarity. Repeated too often, it sinks into mere drivel, and the most tiresome form of drivel. If, as we are told, "the inspired pen of John Masefield has made lyric poetry blossom with both wild and cultivated profanity," these flowers of speech owe their vigour and their colour to a process of selection. Mr. Masefield, although his diction, like his versification, is ungirt,

has never permitted himself to run amuck through blasphemy. The quickness of Dr. White's temper and his habitual impatience inclined him to strong language. His love for every form of outdoor exercise insured for him a constant variety of provocation. Take golf alone, which Mr. William Lyon Phelps says is, next to the telephone, the greatest incentive to swearing. "The disappointments of golf are so immediate, so unexpected, so overwhelming. They make taciturn gentlemen as efficient as teamsters." Now Dr. White began to play golf when he was in his fiftieth year; and while this game is Heaven's gift to the middle-aged and the elderly, they seldom excel in it unless they have practised it in their youth. There is a world of pent-up bitterness in this extract from one of the pages of his English diary:

"*July* 20th: Letty and I played golf all day long. I felt much encouraged yesterday, but dropped back to-day. This place [Barton Court] is certainly ideal for an impatient or a nervous beginner, because there are no lookers-on. We buy new clubs all the time, on the theory that there *must* be something wrong with our old ones."

Two days later, as a consequence of these persevering endeavours, he developed an abscess on the palm of his right hand, and could not play at all. If there is never any excuse for profanity, there are sometimes reasonable explanations.

No provocation, however, could wrest from Dr. White an infant oath if he thought it unbecoming. The people whom he did not wish to hear him swear never did hear him swear. There were times, too, when fatigue and a rare dejection robbed profanity of all savour. "I am evidently doing what is known as 'ageing,'" he wrote me once when I was in Rome. "I heard with a shock last week that my language on the golf links had lost all its vivacity. Too bad! To destroy thus a reputation based on years of lively endeavour. I have n't forgotten the words, but they don't seem to come as easily as they used to. *Can it be that you are undermining me by praying to your Roman saints?*"

In one respect alone, the doctor, for all his health and strength and endurance, was physically ill-fitted for life's unending strain. He could work as hard and play as hard as any man of his years in Christendom. He could swim like a fish, and with little more effort than a fish might presumably make. He could cycle a hundred miles in a day without undue fatigue. He could lunch on "cakes, lemon cheesecakes, pears, plums, milk and cream"; and this school-boy tuck gave him no more uneasiness at fifty than it did at fifteen. But he could not sleep unless sustained and soothing silence composed him gradually to rest. In this regard he was as unblest as the great Wallenstein, who pulled down all the houses around his

palace in Prague, so as to insure for himself quiet and slumberous nights.

The summer of 1899 was spent by Dr. and Mrs. White, and Mr. and Mrs. S. S. White, Junior, on the English coast. Their days were given over to the usual routine of outdoor sports, and all went merrily save for the noises inseparable from hotel life, even in England, where the infernal racket of continental hostelries is happily unknown. Finally at Sherringham, the clatter of housemaids indoors, and ostlers out of doors, became so annoying that Dr. White suddenly and wisely resolved he would have a roof of his own.

> "If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
> It were done quickly."

Within twenty-four hours he had rented a place, imported a cook from Norwich, picked up a housemaid in some neighbouring cottage, provisioned the party with all things needful from coals and candles to sugar and suet, and dined comfortably in a house, "the very existence of which was unknown to us yesterday."

This is efficiency,—efficiency which matches speed with thoroughness. What a secretary of war Dr. White would have made!

All was not yet smooth sailing, however, for the intrepid householder. After two happy days and tranquil nights there comes this spirited entry in the diary:

"Three yelping dogs broke our rest last night. The silence here is like the silence of death after 6 P.M. We were all sleepy, and turned in before ten o'clock. About midnight, or earlier, these three curs over in the farm-yard began to howl. At 1 A.M. the manly form of Prof. William White of Philadelphia, clad in pyjamas, and with a flickering candle in his left hand, might have been seen standing in the drizzling rain, pounding on the door of the farmer's cottage, and using language which made an area of phosphorescence around the candle. As a result, the three dogs were locked up in separate places, and a little sleep was obtained. This morning I insisted that they should be sent off the place, and I believe it has been, or is to be, done.

"I am not, and I never shall be, used to farm noises. I wish the little birdies had been created dumb. I never could see any sense in a hen making such a d—— fuss over every egg she lays; and it seems particularly unreasonable that, like the females of all other species, she should select such inconvenient hours for bringing her offspring into the world. This has been one of the complaints of obstetricians ever since I have known any of them."

It is a bit unfair to hurl anathemas at hens, when the cock, who has not his partner's excuse for self-congratulation, makes such untimely and vociferous racket. But Dr. White's reproaches, however un-

justified, seem to have shamed the denizens of the farmyard into silence. Three days later he reports favourably upon their amendment:

"We've shaken down into our places, and the people are used to us. The dogs have been sent away; the ducks have, I think, been given laudanum to make them sleep late in the mornings; the hens now cackle a sort of lullaby when they lay their eggs; the farmer tiptoes over the gravel path when he waters the pony in the early hours; the gardener wears felt slippers instead of hobnailed shoes; and the whole outfit is as quiet as could be desired."

So much for resolution!

In 1899, Dr. White, who had been appointed by President McKinley a member of the Board of Visitors of the Annapolis Naval Academy, succeeded in persuading various reluctant departments to permit the West Point and the Annapolis football teams to play on Franklin Field. It took a deal of persuasion, and involved many promises which were hard to keep. He pledged his honour that there should be no gate money; but he could not prevent Philadelphia politicians from selling the tickets he was compelled to furnish them. It was, moreover, a difficult task to distribute seats "by favour only," and the clamorous demand far exceeded the capacity of the field. These Army and Navy games, which were repeated for many autumns, were dear to Dr. White's

heart. He took pride in them as a Philadelphian and as an American. They were spirited contests, to which the presence of distinguished officials lent interest and dignity. But from start to finish they involved endless labour, which he did not grudge, and a sort of intricate egg dance among contending interests, which he was not supple enough to perform. Even when the authorities gave permission that gate money should be asked, and the proceeds given to the Army and Navy Relief, the difficulty of satisfying the public was lessened, not ended. There were more people who wanted to buy, and who held they had a right to buy, than there were tickets to be sold.

A friendlier warfare had been waged for years between Dr. White, who was singularly reticent about his "cases," and the press, which sought to know the details of novel and intricate surgery. In 1897 he published, in collaboration with Dr. Edward Martin, a work on "Genito-Urinary Surgery and Venereal Diseases." It was an exhaustive and authoritative study, furnished with two hundred and forty-three illustrations, and seven coloured plates. The success which attended this volume, the opening in the same year of the D. Hayes Agnew Pavilion, and the beginning of the great drive for the University Gymnasium, brought the doctor so sharply before the public eye that an increased attention on the part

of reporters was perhaps inevitable. The newspapers claimed that when a man of science withheld timely and valuable information from their readers, he inflicted a loss, and he suffered one. They argued with Waller,

> "Small is the worth
> Of beauty from the light retired."

Dr. White, impervious to this reasoning, and without personal apprehension, expressed his point of view in one uncompromising sentence: "Science," he said, "ought not to be paraded side by side with a murder up an alley." It was an irreconcilable difference of opinion.

CHAPTER VII

LAST YEARS OF SURGERY

MOST men who have lived through a half-century find — to their regret or to their relief — that they have abandoned the animating enthusiasms of youth. They retain a tender and reminiscential regard for past pleasures and extinguished zeal; but their real and vigorous concern is reserved for the cares and cǒunsels of maturity. Dr. White never surrendered his youthful convictions, or lost his youthful ardour. He clarified both with the aid of reason, and found them better worth preserving from being more amply understood. His interest in athletic sports, and his belief in their value, strengthened with years and experience. If, as he lamented, "the opponents of athletics die hard," he stood ever ready to help them to their graves. He found time in his crowded days to write sturdy articles in defence of the much maligned football games, as well as of every other game which required strength and hardihood. "Man walked straight before he thought straight," was his scornful reply to upholders of the studious life.

Being himself tall and strong, and having never lacked mental concentration, sustained industry, or professional skill, the doctor was naturally disposed

to resent President Eliot's contemptuous comparison of "big, brawny athletes" with "slighter, quicker-witted men." He saw no reason why quick wits should not accompany broad shoulders, and he said so in the plainest words at his command. The disparaging comments of the "Nation" and the "Outlook" upon our "gladiatorial contests," and Dr. van Dyke's concern over "a bone-breaking, life-imperiling game," roused him to more spirited vindication. Even the arguments of his friend, Thomas Robins, who pleaded for an open field and for players less highly specialized, failed to shake his "pigskin conservatism." He was, it must be admitted, "complexionally averse to change"; but he brought himself in time to accept reasonable measures of reform, and to subscribe heartily to President Roosevelt's proposals for a simple and uniform eligibility code. He had been closely connected with students for twenty-five years, he knew that their animal spirits needed a broad outlet, and he had seen too many evils resulting from "boisterous college sprees" not to be fully aware of the corrective value of athletics. As for the "hysterical enthusiasm" which was considered so dangerous an accompaniment of football, he scored heavily when he retorted that far more injury had been done to nations by besotting them with oratory than by provoking their admiration for athletics.

It is amusing and instructive to see how this champion of physical prowess turned a searchlight upon history for examples that would illustrate his argument. Dr. Weir Mitchell, speaking at a dinner of the New York alumni of the University of Pennsylvania, took the opportunity to comment severely upon college athletics in general, and upon football in particular. He said that when he was in college, their hero was, not the captain of a team, but their "honour man." "We loved Thackeray and Tennyson. Some of us were enthusiastic over Socrates. Do college men talk of Socrates in these days?"

Probably not. Probably not many undergraduates in Dr. Mitchell's youth indulged in Socratic colloquy. The reader and the scholar may be found in every seat of learning. They have survived centuries of sport, centuries of battle, centuries of ignorance. But they have always been, and will always be, the exception, not the rule.

From Dr. White's point of view, work and play, study and athletics, walked amicably hand in hand. He was convinced that the men who are physically fit are the men of most service to the world; and that food and drink are not more necessary to development than are sunlight, oxygen, and exercise. He published two exhaustive papers in the "Saturday Evening Post," November and December, 1900, setting forth the "natural association" between physi-

cal, intellectual, and moral strength, and enforcing his arguments with a host of amazing illustrations. The startled reader found himself confronted by Samson, "who, though he seems to have lacked discretion, was a judge in Israel"; Cæsar, who was "admirable in all manly sports"; Cicero, who admitted that he owed his health to the gymnasium; Cato, "who drilled his muscles into activity"; Lord Byron, who swam; Scott, who rode; Goethe, who skated; Wordsworth and Dickens, who walked; Gladstone, who chopped wood. Dr. White even tried to persuade himself and his public that Kant's daily stroll — so methodical that the philosopher's neighbours used to set their clocks by his passing — was in the nature of athletics. A canvas broad enough to admit Samson and Kant in juxtaposition leaves little to be desired. I offered to stretch it further by making out an opposition list of eminent men who, like Gibbon and Littré, were never known to take any exercise whatever; but my services were declined. I was reminded that Gibbon would not stand by the woman whom he had asked to marry him, and that Littré would not face the siege of Paris, — regrettable, but natural, consequences of sedentary habits.

There is no doubt that Dr. White's love for the University of Pennsylvania strengthened his interest in college sports, and deepened his concern over their fluctuating fortunes. There is something admirable

and touching in this sustained devotion to his Alma Mater. He was a busy and a canny man; but he grudged no time, no labour, no money, when the advancement of the University was at stake. Her medical school was his pride and joy; her really beautiful museum — which owed its perfections to Dr. William Pepper and Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson — gave him profound satisfaction; her gymnasium was the project nearest to his heart. Everything the students did, from a Greek play to a Mask and Wig burlesque, fired him with interest. When they produced "Iphigenia Among the Tauri," in the spring of 1903, he triumphed in this evidence of scholarship; and the two hundred roses presented to the players by the Greek colony of Philadelphia pleased him as much as if he had been a débutante actress receiving this giant ovation. Yet he was habitually impatient of entertainments that did not entertain. He once sat in front of me at a conscientious performance, by distinguished but deliberate amateurs, of Gilbert's "Engaged," which, of all plays, needs to be lightly handled. At the close of the second act he arose, bade me a cordial good-night, observed amicably, "I think I'll come around after breakfast to-morrow morning, to see how they are getting on," and vanished. But the laborious presentation of "Iphigenia" failed to daunt him, for every student actor was, in some sort, his friend.

If college plays gave so much satisfaction to this true lover of youth, college games, which in themselves are well worth looking at, naturally absorbed his attention. He cared so much for the result, he was so keen for victory, that pain and pleasure gripped his heart whenever he watched the struggle. For six bitter years the University football team had suffered defeat at Harvard's hands. The Crimson men said plainly and contemptuously that the Red and Blue men were not worth playing against, and that if they were beaten for the seventh time, they should be dropped from the list of contestants. Therefore, when Penn defeated Harvard 11 to 0 at Cambridge, in the autumn of 1904, the victory was a source of gratification to all good Philadelphians, and of profound felicity to Dr. White. The students celebrated the happy event for twenty-four tumultuous hours, made nuisances of themselves, as is their wont on such occasions, and were readily forgiven by their tormented, but proud and grateful townsmen. The following year, Pennsylvania again beat Harvard 12 to 6 on Franklin Field; and Dr. White wrote to Mrs. Tom Robins, who had wired him her felicitations: "I was delirious on Saturday, wildly happy on Sunday, ineffably content yesterday, and am blandly satisfied to-day. It was what we football cranks call a great and glorious victory."

Other sports laid claim to his enthusiasm, and

brought their measure of delight and disappointment. In the summer of 1901 the University crew went to England, to row against the London Club, some Belgians, some Irishmen, and the invincible Leanders. Dr. White saw the new eight-oared shell christened, made a rousing speech to the men when they sailed, June 8th, on the Waesland, and followed June 15th, on the Minneapolis, to witness the triumph he confidently predicted. The Penn crew was exceptionally strong, and his assurance was justifiable. But when he reached Henley, and saw the Leander men training, he knew, though his hopes still ran high, that the cup would be hard to win. The London Club was easily outrowed, the Belgians were nowhere. "Bar accidents, and I don't see how we can lose," he wrote on the morning of the great race. But although our men made a splendid showing, Leander came in a length — a bare length — ahead, and his heart was too sore for comfort. "I had argued myself into a state of absolute confidence," he admitted, "so that the result was a surprise, and all the harder to bear. It was as bad as any football defeat, — worse, I think, because success meant more to us. I lost $190; but, of course, I'd have given $1900 to see that cup in Houston Hall for a year."

The next day, July 6th, there is this entry in his diary: "Still dull, but gradually beginning to realize that we must continue to live, and may (years hence)

enjoy ourselves. . . . It must be understood that it was a d——d good race, and that we have nothing to be ashamed of." Indeed, the best of good feeling prevailed everywhere, and the contest was so close that there was no bitterness in defeat. Neither, however, was there any solace in beating the Dublin crew at Killarney, because the Irishmen were so quickly outdistanced that the race was no race at all. The beauty of the scenery brought small compensation to Dr. White's soul, and of Bantry he records in words which Horace Walpole might have envied: "A hideous, dirty, unmitigably Irish town, which makes you spit and scratch just to look at it." The last act of the drama was played in London, at the Hotel Cecil, where the American Society gave a jovial supper to the Pennsylvania men. Dr. White made a gallant speech, and, inasmuch as the company did not disperse until 5 A.M., the occasion must have been a pleasurable one. Nevertheless, defeat is defeat, and nothing can turn it into victory. "We certainly rowed a magnificent race," is the diary's final comment, "and scared them badly; but, after all, it comes back to the fact that the cup stays here."

To the Army and Navy football game of 1901 came Mr. Roosevelt, the first American president who had ever graced the contest on Franklin Field. The demand for seats was more clamorous than ever, and, as fourteen thousand of the thirty thousand tickets

went to West Point and Annapolis, it was clearly impossible to satisfy all aspirants. The tickets issued to politicians (to insure adequate police protection for the President) were sold on the sidewalk for twenty-five dollars each. It was a brilliant and an unspoiled game. Admiral Dewey was among the distinguished guests. The sun for once forbore its customary trickery, and shone gloriously in a blue sky. Charles Daly, West Point's quarter-back, made a sensational run, and won the Army's victory. The crowd on the field shouted itself hoarse, and, when the President left for his train, the vaster crowd outside took up the cry — so democratic but so loving — "Teddy! Our Teddy!" until the skies rang with their rapture.

This was not the beginning of Dr. White's acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt. The two men had met before. But it was an added link in the friendship which became the enthusiasm and the inspiration of the doctor's life. Every trait of Roosevelt's splendid personality made its straight and strong appeal to his spirit. The President was not only the most distinguished American of his day; he was not only the wise and intrepid ruler of the nation; but he was a man whose hand — to use Mrs. Wharton's fine phrase — was ever on the hilt of action; a man who held his country's honour and his own in high regard, who was so compelling he could

afford to be simple, and so determined he could afford to be gay. To Dr. White, who thought in plain straight terms, who held fast to primitive things, and to those qualities which are the foundations of manhood, Mr. Roosevelt presented an ideal which years failed to impair, and detraction could never weaken. The President called him from the beginning a "sworn friend," which he truly was; and showed a well-placed confidence in his discretion when he summoned him a few years later to Washington for a conference upon college athletics, and upon the new football rules which embodied some admirable measures of reform.

In the summer of 1903, Sir Frederick Treves, having reached the zenith of his fame, and having undoubtedly saved King Edward's life by his courage in operating ("Any other man," said the King to Sydney Holland, "would have sewed me up, and said that there was no abscess, or that it was too deep to reach"), retired from active practice. The royal family declined to release him; but he severed his connection with all humbler patients, and strongly advised Dr. White to follow his example. He was not exactly like the fox who had lost his tail, because he had cut off his own tail; but he was solicitous that his friend should be as tailless as himself. "Treves has retired definitely and permanently," wrote Dr. White to Tom Robins, in September, 1903. "He has much

to say in favour of my doing likewise. I find, however, that I grow more extravagant and exacting as I grow older. That makes me hesitate about retiring." And again, when lamenting to the same faithful correspondent that he has had too much surgery and too little golf, he adds wistfully: "I am still looking forward to retirement, and never think of you without envying your freedom from daily routine, and from anxiety, except such as is, of course, unavoidable. We must all of us be anxious some time or other about the people we care for most."

This note of apprehension is struck again and again in every allusion to his profession. He was like one forever breaking a lance with Death, and he could not endure that his great opponent should sometimes triumph over him.

In December, 1900, he had operated for appendicitis on Mr. John Clarke Sims. The patient was convalescent and considered out of danger, when he succumbed to a sudden attack of heart failure, and died before his surgeon could reach his bedside. It was a heavy blow to Dr. White, the harder to bear because the dead man had been his friend. "My affection no less than my pride was at stake," he wrote to me. "For weeks I have devoted all my skill and all my purpose to saving this one life. For weeks I have sacrificed both work and play. And I have accomplished nothing."

Yet when, the following month, he came perilously near to an enforced retirement, having infected the middle finger of his right hand in the operating-room, he was in no wise disposed to be ousted from a career which he liked to talk of abandoning. He had for his profession that proud regard which is the natural outcome of achievement. The opposition of the "litigious laity" to great life-saving measures, such as vaccination and the use of diphtheric antitoxin, fired him with just wrath. The stupid jokes of comic papers about doctors and surgeons irritated him as keenly as if they had been barbed shafts of wit. I once ventured to quote in his hearing those merry lines from the "Beggar's Opera,"

> "Men may escape from rope and gun,
> *Some* have outlived the doctor's pill";

but they awoke no answering smile. There were things he was not prepared to jest over, and the healing art was one of them.

It was natural that the retirement of Sir Frederick Treves should have influenced his friend, because the two men had acquired the habit of spending part of their summer holidays together. In July, 1900, Dr. White rented an English country-house, Ingham New Hall, in Lessingham, two miles from the Treves' house in Hasboro, and slipped for once into the unbroken calm of rural life. When he was not bathing, or trying to get his bicycle repaired, he was driving

a fat pony, "Clementina," to Stalham for butter and soap, or superintending the arrival of ice from Yarmouth. The sole excitement of the summer was provided by a mole, an indefatigable, unconquerable mole, which bade defiance to law and order. "I am no good as a mole catcher, and might as well go out of the business," writes the disconsolate tenant. "Strychnia enough to kill the Boer army fails to disagree with that beast." It was in truth a free-born British mole, and scorned to be routed by Americans. They found it there when they took the house, and they left it diligently raising hillocks on the lawn the day they drove away.

The admirable thing about the comradeship of Dr. and Mrs. White and Sir Frederick and Lady Treves was the large liberty they allowed one another. Their tastes were alike, but their habits of life dissimilar. "What I want to do, I want to do," writes Dr. White. "Frederick has the same not uncommon peculiarity, and we don't always want the same thing.' The Englishman, for example, liked to loaf, and to be comfortable. The American liked to forge ahead, and to be entertained. When the Englishman got to a place which he fancied, it seemed to him a good reason for staying there. When the American got to a place which he fancied, it seemed to him a good reason for moving on. The Englishman had a strong regard for his luncheon, and an almost religious

respect for his dinner. The American was content to leave his meals to chance when tempted by an interesting excursion. The Englishman (and the Englishman's wife) preferred to drive over the passes in the Engadine. The American (and the American's wife) preferred to walk, and took a genuine delight in surmounting difficulties, and conquering fatigue.

"We said good-bye to the Treves," is an entry in the Swiss diary of the following year. "They, of course, were eating, and they regarded our pedestrian tour" (over the Schyn Pass and on to Campfer) "as one of extreme danger and privation. They shudder at the thought of being out of reach of food for an hour or two. They will go nowhere unless some English doctor — who is generally an ignoramus — assures them that the water is all right, that there have been no 'throat cases' in the neighbourhood for years, and that sterilized milk can be obtained for Enid. They think I'm peculiar, and I think they're comic. All of us think the others do not know how to travel. We get on very well together, all the same."

Nothing incensed Dr. White so deeply as being warned against walking too much, unless, indeed, it was being warned against letting Mrs. White walk too much. To some mild remonstrance on the part of her family, he answered tartly and triumphantly: "Letty has for years taken ten times the exercise that most of her women friends take, and I should

like to have some sort of comparative test of their health and hers. I'll back Letty." That Dr. Osler, whom he warmly admired, should not more explicitly commend "the men who have sense enough to take exercise," vexed his soul; and he reproached this high authority — a bit unfairly — for backing "all the lazy, over-fed, gouty imbeciles in the community." Finally, when his friend, Mr. Effingham B. Morris, begged him to call a halt on Alpine climbs (a dangerous sport for his years), he retaliated with all the counter-accusations he could heap together in one scorching missive. As it chanced, Mr. Morris's letter reached him at Morgan Hall, where he was leading a gentle and blameless life with the gentle and blameless Abbeys, so that he was able to assume an air of injured innocence, as if he had been frisking like a lamb all summer long on the soft English turf. After expatiating on the joys of croquet, and his devotion to that tranquil sport, he conjured his friend to abandon the strenuous for the simple life, and rebuild the foundations of health:

"I've no doubt the Drexel estate is both honourable and profitable; but if you don't take more holidays, and — since you won't climb mountains — at least play croquet, you 'll have a d——d large handsome funeral, with a lot of millionaires for honorary pall-bearers, and a few really sorrowing Christian friends like me in the hired carriages.

"Your cheek in giving me good advice about health and safety is monumental. If you'd come over here and play with me in the summer, you would not, I suppose, accumulate so many diamonds for wearing purposes, but you could continue to use Waterbury watches and nickel scarf-pins for many happy years."

It has a convincing ring, but when we read the records of the Swiss tramps, they sound more intrepid than engaging. Mrs. White walked like a Trojan. Fatigue, vertigo, blistered feet, — she scorned them all; covered her requisite number of miles, climbed up and slid down the mountain-sides, found the right paths which Dr. White was an adept at losing, and came in smiling when the day was done, too proud and pleased to admit exhaustion. "Letty has two blisters; but with plaster, grease, a couple of pairs of stockings, etc., she pulled through with comparative comfort," is a typical entry in the diary. And, two days later, after climbing the Piz Nair, which Baedeker fraudulently calls "easy and attractive": "Letty has two blisters (not new ones, the old ones resuscitated); otherwise we are both well."

In the summer of 1903 these dauntless pedestrians ventured upon a supreme test of endurance. On the 1st of August they walked from Pontresina to La Rosa, a good ten miles. This was merely to get up steam. On the 2d of August they walked over the

Val Viola to the Nuovi Bagni at Bormio, thirty miles, including an ascent of two thousand feet in the morning, and a descent of four thousand feet in the afternoon. "It was really a test of strength for Letty," writes Dr. White triumphantly. "We have had harder walks, but none so hard, hot, rough and stony. She wound up in good shape, and is none the worse for it." The next morning, August 3d, they started at 7.45, and walked over the Stelvio Pass, climbing five thousand feet, and descending four thousand feet to Trafoi. Here Mrs. White enjoyed the unwonted privilege of resting two whole days, while Dr. White and a couple of friends, Mr. Paine and Mr. Orthwein, made a successful ascent of the Ortler.

This expedition was like all Alpine climbs, — a peerless combination of discomfort and danger. The three men and their guides spent the night in the "Payerhütte" with a dozen adventurous souls, sleeping — or not sleeping — in all their clothes for the sake of warmth, arose at 3.30 "as fresh as daisies," went out at 4.25 into the frozen dark, cut their way over the upper glacier, and at 6.40 reached the summit, from which "it looked as if there were nothing but mountains in the world." The ascent qualified Dr. White for membership in the Swiss Alpine Club; and the only circumstances which humbled his legitimate pride were Baedeker's belittling statement that

the Ortler "is not difficult, but requires a tolerably steady head," and the fact that a young American girl, "very light and strong," climbed easily and fearlessly by his side.

The next day, August 6th, the Whites set valiantly forth, and walked for eight hours and a half (their average was eight hours) over the Umbrail Pass to Santa Maria; after which they were "tired enough to enjoy the quiet of the night," but fresh enough to start at 7.30 the next morning for the Scarl Pass and Vulpera. "A most successful and enjoyable week," is Dr. White's summing up. "We men have climbed twenty-seven thousand feet, Letty nineteen thousand. I have lost fourteen pounds since I left Philadelphia. Letty has lost sixteen pounds. She stood the trip wonderfully. Orthwein and Paine are sure to give her a great reputation as a walker when they get back to the Kulm. Very few women could have done it."

It is little wonder that after an August spent in such fashion, the Whites should have been well disposed to dally a while in England with the Treves (Sir Frederick promised to have all the barking, crowing, cackling livestock within a mile of Barton Court assassinated before his friend's arrival), or that croquet on the smooth lawn of Morgan Hall should have seemed a pleasant pastime. The Abbeys had been Dr. White's guests in the winter of 1902.

Abbey had received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Pennsylvania, and had accepted a commission to decorate the State Capitol at Harrisburg, — work which he began with enthusiasm, and was destined never to finish. The vast Coronation picture was still incomplete, and the burden of it grew heavier year by year. The artist was toiling over this canvas for several successive summers, and he told Dr. White many amusing stories concerning the trials and tribulations inseparable from the painting of royalty.

The Queen, he said, could never be persuaded to keep her appointments; and the King, who was a miracle of punctuality, changed his mind frequently and tormentingly in regard to the details of his own portrait. At first he was painted with the yellow coronation robe falling to his feet. Then he asked to have one leg exposed so as to exhibit the Order of the Garter. This was done. Then he sent word that both legs had better be uncovered. This involved changing lights and tones, and did not, from the artist's point of view, improve the picture; but it was also done. Then he proposed that Abbey should "suggest" Treves and Laking at the back of the royal box. They were, with some difficulty, suggested. Then he desired the same privilege for several duchesses who accompanied the Queen; whereupon the artist, who was but too well aware that everybody in that box

wanted his or her presence made plain, asked grimly whom he should leave out to give place to the ladies. There being no one to leave out, the King, with perfect good-humour, abandoned the duchesses to obscurity.

Abbey also told Dr. White that, when he was painting the Prince of Wales, the young man asked him how much he thought Sargent made in a year. Abbey said truthfully and discreetly that he did not know. "Do you suppose," persisted the Prince, "that it's £10,000?" "More likely £20,000," was the reply. "My God!" said England's heir, "I wish I had £20,000 a year."

Another large canvas on which Abbey was engaged in the summer of 1902 was a decoration for the Royal Exchange, and represented a reunion, after a protracted feud, of the Companies of Skinners and Merchant Tailors, in the presence of the Lord Mayor of London. Time, Richard III. The incident is not precisely a high light in history, and many there are who have never heard of it; but it afforded the artist a good chance for the grouping and costuming in which he delighted, and in which he excelled. Having perpetual need of models, he pressed his guest into service as a master skinner. "I wear a light wig with hair reaching to my shoulders," wrote Dr. White in the diary; "a tall black cloth hat with narrow rolled-up brim, a long robe and a gilt chain. I look as ugly

as H—— ! Perhaps it would be enough to say uglier than usual."

Personal vanity was not a disturbing element in his constitution. The morning he left Morgan Hall, he paid a farewell visit to the studio, and declared himself well pleased with his portrait. "Some day," he wrote, "probably about 2102, a discerning art critic will say: 'There is in the right hand corner of the picture the head of a gray-moustached citizen wearing the tall black hat of the period, which is rightly considered as the central point of interest in this remarkable painting. The face, judged by the ordinary standards of human beauty, cannot be said to be perfect. The mouth is somewhat full, and the fact that it is partly open does not add to its attractiveness. The eyes are over prominent, and have a tendency to what was known in those days as blinking. The jowls are too accentuated, and the nose not enough so, being indeed slightly retroussé, whereas if it had been longer, and inclined downward, it might have partly hidden the conspicuous, upper central incisors. These, however, are mere details. What makes this face the gem of the picture, and of all the pictures of this master, is the expression of almost superhuman intelligence, of saintliness of spirit, of purity of soul, of pensive benevolence, of meekness and abnegation when self-interest is involved, but firmness and decision when

the rights of friends are jeopardized, which characterizes every feature. If Abbey had painted nothing else but this one face, it would in itself justify his imperishable reputation, and entitle him to rank above Frans Hals and Velasquez.'"

When we consider that, in addition to conferring immortality upon his host, Dr. White operated on the Abbeys' beloved black cat, Tinker, removing a malignant growth from the animal's poor little head, and prolonging one of its fleeting lives, we can understand his value as a guest, and the warmth of welcome which awaited him.

Perhaps the obduracy of golf inclined him gently to the Abbeys' favourite sport, croquet. He wrote me once (when his patients were getting well, and matters at the University were all going his way) that if his game of golf would but improve, he'd ask nothing else of fate. But though it did improve, he never was satisfied with its amendment. After a week's practice on the links of Maloja, in the summer of 1901, his only triumph was beating a Baltimore invalid who had been suffering from nervous prostration: "I am going to challenge the blind asylum when I get home," is his bitter comment. "I should be afraid of the deaf and dumb."

Yet, in their humble way, both Dr. and Mrs. White distinguished themselves on the Maloja links. Mrs. White hit a ponderous German on the head, and he

said so often and so accusingly that she had "nearly killed" him, that Dr. White, who had seconded his wife's profuse apologies, was finally impelled to offer to finish the job. Two days later, the doctor "took another German in the small of the back with a hundred and twenty-five yard brassie," awakening violent profanity; and the following morning he bowled over, "with a hard-driven, low-pulled ball," a little Italian caddy. For one horrid moment he feared he had seriously hurt the boy; but an examination showed nothing more alarming than a bruised hand, which was speedily righted with a cold-water bandage, a friendly word, and the gift of a two-franc piece.

Another distinct advantage of croquet was the impossibility of losing one's way between the hoops. Dr. White always vowed he could be lost in Rittenhouse Square; but Rittenhouse Square is a vast area by comparison with a tennis court or a croquet ground. He was the most eminent path-loser of his day, and could always be trusted to choose a long and hard route when there was a short and easy one. "The Lord has not been very good to me in the matter of talents," he wrote candidly. "I cannot sing, or make music, or paint, or speak foreign tongues easily. But He has given me a wonderful insight into the wrong ways of getting — or not getting — anywhere. I can beat the world at losing myself. That's a proud thought at any rate."

In the spring of 1903, John Sargent spent a month with Dr. White; and a great deal of gaiety was necessarily crowded into two very busy lives. The artist had been hard at work all winter, and had painted among other pictures the masterly portrait of President Roosevelt, remarkable, not only for its force and purpose, but also, as Owen Wister pathetically remarked, for having the first frock coat he had ever seen "rendered gracious and harmonious." I was in Rome that year, and Dr. White found time — I don't see how — to write me an unwontedly long letter, full of the joys and sorrows of a Philadelphia May.

"I have lived in what seems to have been a whirl — though a pleasant one — for a month. Sargent came here four weeks ago to-day, and goes to New York this afternoon, to sail on Saturday for Gibraltar. I like him more than ever, and wish he could be here for another month; but, of course, there have been dinners, and late hours, and less exercise than usual, so that I shall have some lost rest to make up between now and my sailing time, — June 19th. His work here has been splendid. Mitchell's portrait is superb; but he, Sargent, thinks (and Thomas Eakins, John Lambert, and other artists agree with him) that the best thing he did in Philadelphia is an oil sketch of Mrs. White, begun and completed last Sunday, — two sittings of two hours each, — and so

full of life and animation and spirit that it is truly wonderful. It does n't flatter her, or make her seem younger than she is; it is not a photographic likeness; but it has something that I am not skilled enough to describe, and that represents Sargent at his best. I am delighted to have it. He *insisted* on doing it, and we had not self-denial to refuse, though we tried to do so.

"We have had tropical weather here for some days, 92° in the shade, — and wretched criminals expecting me to operate on them. My only comfort is in a single shell on the Schuylkill, clad — I, not the shell — in undershirt and drawers. I begrudge the hours I spend at work. Rittenhouse Square is noisy with the vociferous play of millions of the useless progeny of my neighbours, the back street in the early morning is pandemonium, — and it is one month from to-morrow that I sail."

Again the note of impatience and weariness, — the hours "begrudged" to work. Treves was by this time a free man, and meditating a journey around the world. One daughter, Hetty, had died. The other, Enid, had married Colonel Delmé-Radcliffe, who was then officially surveying, and incidentally lion-hunting, in northern Uganda. Dr. White promised his friends that he would meet them in San Francisco, when the globe-circling tour landed them on our shores, and the promise was nobly kept. It is

a far cry from Rittenhouse Square to the Golden Gate; but when Sir Frederick, Lady Treves, and Mrs. Delmé-Radcliffe landed in May, 1904, Dr. and Mrs. White were on the docks to receive them. The English ladies frankly confessed that they had had a surfeit of travel. To stay in one place now seemed to them the best of earthly joys. Therefore, when they found themselves moderately comfortable in Wawona, in Wawona they resolved to remain, while Sir Frederick and the Whites went to the Yosemite. "I did n't argue," writes Dr. White virtuously. "After all, as I said to Lady Treves, they were under no obligation, moral or otherwise, to 'do' the Yosemite; and if they were happier in Wawona, no one could object to their staying there."

This was a handsome concession. In ruder and less tolerant days, no one had ever heard such words from the doctor's lips. He was beginning to realize — in the case of other people, not yet in his own — that there are limits to endurance.

As Treves was to receive a degree from the University of Pennsylvania on the 13th of June, as they were to visit the Grand Canyon on their eastward flight, as there were social engagements looming on the Philadelphia horizon, and as the whole party were to sail for England on June 24th, Lady Treves and her daughter may have had some excuse for relinquishing the rare loveliness of the Yosemite.

And perhaps they would not have found it lovely. I once made some rapturous comment upon its beauty to Alice Meynell, and that distinguished lady replied that she did not consider the Yosemite beautiful. It was, she said, on too vast a scale for beauty.

The distinctive feature of this summer was Dr. White's ascent of the Piz Palü, one of the highest peaks of the upper Engadine, a climb of which even Baedeker the scornful speaks with becoming reverence, as "trying, not advisable except when the snow is firm, and requiring a steady head." The Piz Palü is 12,835 feet, only a little lower and a little less dangerous than the Piz Bernina. Mr. Paine was again his companion. They had the two best guides in the Engadine, and the expedition was of sufficient importance to be gravely and admiringly chronicled in the "Alpine Post." For a man in his fifty-fourth year, who had made but one other ascent, it was an amazing feat. Dr. White confessed to extreme fatigue; but, beyond a few cuts and bruises, seemed none the worse for it. There is a characteristic entry in his diary, the day before he started: "I've borrowed Orthwein's ice-axe, Paine's second jersey, Bott's gaiters — to keep the snow out of my shoes — and Letty's dark glasses. If I fall down a precipice, or a crevasse, there will be four people interested in finding the remains."

In December, 1904, the long hoped-for, long

planned-for, long fought-for gymnasium was at last opened to the students of the University. For years Dr. White had worked with grim determination over this cherished scheme. For years he had counted no labour too heavy, no enthusiasm too keen, no sacrifice too great, where its advancement was concerned. In April, 1902, he was able to write to Thomas Robins that $200,000 had been raised, and that the bond issue of $262,000 had been fully subscribed. The building cost when completed nearly $600,000. Its beauty, its scope, its admirable equipment, were due to him. His unfaltering resolution and contagious zeal animated his townsmen, and spurred them to repeated efforts. The College alumni responded nobly to his call. The day that he formally presented this gymnasium to the University was perhaps the proudest and happiest of his life. In a few simple words he told of his early hopes, of his harsh disappointments, of his seven years of toil. He also announced a bequest of $50,000 from the estate of Mr. William Weightman to the endowment fund, — a bequest which he had personally beguiled from the testator. Provost Harrison accepted the new building in the name of the trustees, and Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, sculptor, and Director of Physical Education, made an admirable address. The relations between this keen and brilliant young Canadian and Dr. White were of the friendliest character. Six

months after the opening of the gymnasium, Dr. McKenzie wrote to Dr. White: "What your advice and friendship have meant to me in this trying year of strangeness and pioneer work I need never tell you. If you are a telepathist, you must have felt it. I am not likely ever to forget, and I hope I may yet have a chance to repay it in small part, leaving always a debt that I am glad to owe."

In January, 1905, Henry James came to Philadelphia, to give his lecture on Balzac before the Contemporary Club. It was his maiden effort, the first time he had heard his own voice raised in public, and he was correspondingly nervous and depressed. Dr. White put him up at the Rittenhouse Club, and gave him a supper after the meeting, snatching wisely at that happy hour when — the burden lifted — a speaker becomes once more a free and happy man. Mr. James before the lecture, and Mr. James after the lecture, was a study in gloom and gaiety. He and his host had never met until that January night; and just as the great law of sympathy ordained that Dr. White and Roosevelt should be friends, so the great law of contrast ordained that Dr. White and James should also be friends, understanding each other from the first hour they met, and trusting each other to the last. On his subsequent visits to Philadelphia, the great novelist was always the surgeon's guest. Dr. White never ex-

ploited him, never flattered him, never teased him with questions; but just gave him honest liking, freedom, and leisure; while Mrs. White saw to it that he had the warm fires and soft blankets which he dearly loved, being the chilliest man in Christendom.

It is little wonder that when he left these pleasant quarters to wander through the frozen South, Mr. James's letters were full of regret for lost comforts and companionship. He wrote from Biltmore that he had been increasingly cold ever since he crossed the Mason and Dixon line; that Richmond, "wrapped in ice and snow" (it was a very inclement winter), had desolated him; and that Biltmore House was "magnificent, imposing, and utterly unaddressed to any possible arrangement of life, or state of society, or recruiting of company, in this huge, sordid, niggery wilderness, which was all I saw after leaving the melancholy Richmond." He pictured himself hobbling goutily through vast and chilly corridors, looking out of "colossal icy windows," and sighing for what seemed by comparison "the cosy little house on Rittenhouse Square," with the "rich security of its stained and pictured library," and with the sunny suite of rooms which had been his own, and for which he had acquired a cat-like attachment. He would, he said, joyfully exchange the "whole perpendicular English staff" of Biltmore for "a single snatch of Mrs. Morton and little Joseph."

This seems a fitting time (inasmuch as she has been formally introduced by Henry James) to say a few words about Mrs. Morton, who was a familiar and characteristic feature of Dr. White's establishment. She was his housekeeper when he first acquired a bachelor home on Sixteenth Street, and she remained his housekeeper until he died. She had been a sick nurse, and came to him because (a widow with an only son) she wanted to keep this child by her side. The doctor took a strong interest in the boy, who went to the public schools, studied medicine at the University, married, and acquired a country practice and a family. But not even the lure of grandchildren could win Mrs. Morton from her post. Her affection for Dr. White, an affection duly mingled with honour and with pride, was the great emotion of her life. To talk about him was her keen delight. She knew his crotchets, and conceded them. She also knew his worth; — his loyalty, his immaculate integrity, his boundless kindness to poor patients whose paymaster is God. She could tell tales of his devotion to these humble clients, about whom he maintained a rigorous silence. "What praise is more valuable than the praise of an intelligent servant?" asks Jane Austen, who knew that it is to our own households we oftenest expose our inconsistencies. Mrs. Morton's spare, upright figure, her white hair and smiling face, remained a pleasant memory in the

minds of many guests. The references to her in their letters mark the dignity and importance of her position. Her fidelity deepened with every year of service; and when the end came, and Dr. White's bequest made her handsomely independent, she simply transferred her whole allegiance to Mrs. White, who had formerly shared it, and lived on in the old house which had held all the substance and sweetness of her life.

The power of attaching to himself people who worked for him, or with whom he came into daily contact, was Dr. White's lifelong gift. He established relationships which stood the test of time. He did not forget, and he was not forgotten. When in the summer of 1903 he found himself in the neighbourhood of Lulworth, he motored over to see the old couple whose cottage he had rented eleven years before, and who had looked carefully after his comfort. He found his former landlord failing fast, and made this entry in his diary: "Mem: — To send Mrs. Haytor a sovereign every Christmas, and increase it to two after Haytor's death."

Mention has been made of "Professor" Billy McLean, in whose gymnasium Dr. White encountered the friendly bruiser who had erstwhile thirsted for his blood. McLean was a boxer from whom the doctor had acquired the art of self-defence, and who was prodigiously proud of his pupil. He loved to match

him against professionals, to "try him out"; and on one occasion brought three of these gentry, Forsyth, Arnold, and McNallery, to the house on Rittenhouse Square, and presented them to its master as opponents worthy of his skill. "The doctor," he said, "would box with any one." On this occasion the combat was so sustained and so glorious that Arnold, who had driven a peaceful milk wagon before he took to *the fancy*, asked with some asperity if he had been lured into a gentleman's house to be murdered.

When McLean grew old, Dr. White obtained for him a post as one of the guardians of Rittenhouse Square; and there the former pugilist looked after the playing children, rescued their boats from foundering in the pool, and told hilarious stories of his youth. "Once," he confessed to me, "I got into some little trouble. Well, no matter what it was about. I got out of it anyhow. The next time I saw Dr. White, he said: 'Billy, when you were in trouble the other day, why did n't you send for me?' I thanked him, and told him I had n't any need to. And the very next day, what did he do but knock down a fellow who had insulted him, and get himself arrested for doing it. I waited until he came to my rooms, and I said to him: 'Doctor, I heard you were in trouble the other day. Why did n't you send for me?' He just looked at me, and 'Billy,' said he, 'you go to H——!'"

On the 22d of February, 1905, the University of Pennsylvania conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on President Roosevelt and the German Emperor. Baron von Sternburg accepted the honour in the name of the Kaiser, who cabled this urbane message:

Dr. Charles C. Harrison, Provost,
University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

I am truly glad that the University has tendered me, at the same time with President Roosevelt, the academic honour that once clothed George Washington. I beg you to accept with my thanks my best wishes for the continued growth and prosperity of the University.

WILHELM, Imperator Rex, Berlin

It is significant that President Roosevelt, who was the orator of the day, should have made a plain and practical appeal for protection against imperialism; pleading then, as he had pleaded before, and as he pleaded until the end, for that wise and warlike preparation which alone can insure us safety.

Dr. White's admiration and affection for the President had deepened with the deepening of knowledge and experience. A year before this celebration, Thomas Robins accused his friend of trying to win him over to warmer partisanship by sending him

all the derogatory editorials in the "Nation." The scheme worked. A steadfast course of reviling is sure to awaken contrary emotions in generous hearts. Robins admitted that, after reading one particularly virulent attack, "Roosevelt became tolerable immediately," and he stood ready to vote for him like a man. "The Nation pulled me around."

On the great question of national security, Dr. White held strong and sane views. He was the last man in Christendom to pose as a prophet; but neither was he ever content to live in a fool's paradise. Germany had made plain her malevolence in the Spanish War. He no more dreamed than did his neighbours that she was planning fresh conquests in Europe, and that within ten years she would turn the world into shambles; but he was well aware that she was making trouble for us in Mexico. As far back as 1899 he records in his diary a devout wish that the United States would strengthen her navy, and ally herself defensively with Great Britain; so that when Germany plotted against us in Samoa, Mexico, or the Philippines, we could put a stopper on her mischievous designs.

In the spring of 1905 the first symptoms of heart trouble intruded themselves menacingly upon Dr. White's reluctant consciousness. He had always been superbly healthy and superbly active. He could not contemplate life under any other conditions. He was

then hard at work on the section of Piersol's "Human Anatomy" which dealt with practical surgery, toiling over it with that concentration of purpose which accomplished such marvellous results. "Yesterday," he wrote on March 20th to Tom Robins, "was a rainy day, and I sat at my desk from 10.30 A.M. to 7.30 P.M. Letty is at the Hot Springs. I will not go down, as I want to get the book finished this spring."

By May he was so much worse that rest was imperative, and in early June he made a careful note of his condition, and of Dr. Stengel's diagnosis. "For the first time in my life I have reason to think I am not entirely sound, having suffered for ten weeks from an irritable heart, my symptoms consisting of arrhythmia, palpitation, and a variable, but at times decided, mitral systolic murmur. This is supposed to be due to heart strain during my recent mountain climbing experiences. I am told that there is no valvular disease, but that I probably have some form of myocardial degeneration. The month at the seashore did me so much good that I hoped the trouble was disappearing; but four days in Philadelphia, with the hurry and worry of getting ready to sail, have brought back most of the symptoms. So much for this troublesome business."

To Thomas Robins, then in California, he wrote more fully and freely about his health than he did to any other correspondent. The initials "S. I.," which

stood for saintly invalid (himself), became increasingly frequent in his letters. He admitted to this sympathetic friend his discouragement and his profound disgust. Dr. Stengel promised him that he might live many years if he would give up everything which made life worth having. For that form of amusement known as "moderate exercise" he had no taste whatever. To abandon climbing, tramping, cycling, swimming, coffee and tobacco, constituted a heavy draft on renunciation. The only indulgence he relinquished without concern was alcohol. Robins wrote back much good advice, given with the solicitude of affection. He made up lists of reasonable pleasures which the saintly invalid might still enjoy, and he pointed out, with the perspicuity of an observant friend, a few roads to reform: "If you will only lop off mountain climbing, walk after your golf ball instead of rushing at it like a mad bull, and sit quietly in your box at the ball games instead of waving your arms like windmills on the side-lines, you will surely live to the eighties."

"Human Anatomy" was ready for the printers by the end of May, and, on the 16th of June, Dr. and Mrs. White sailed for England. In London, Dr. Osler made a careful examination of the patient, confirmed Dr. Stengel's diagnosis, permitted a few weeks in Switzerland, and prescribed a cure at Bad Nauheim.

It is worthy of comment that during this summer

of ill-health and anxiety, when week after week Dr. White's symptoms grew more pronounced, his days less profitable, his nights devoid of ease, the diary becomes for the first time in sixteen years riotously humorous. It is as though the sick man, determined not to repine, took refuge in dwelling hilariously upon every absurd incident, and in laughing his wife out of her deep concern. He fills pages with teasing descriptions of her interrogatory conversation, her ruthless interruptions to his poetic flights, the periodic losses of jewelry which enliven dull days, and her fluttering fear of mice. "It is strange," he muses, "how easily these animals — with presumably no education in the matter — can tell a man from a woman. It must be something about our legs or our underclothes which enlightens them."

One astute and valorous mouse "of the dangerous variety known as the Souribus Ferox, or woman-eating mouse of the Engadine," attacked Mrs. White in their sitting-room in the Hotel Kulm, St. Moritz. "She was alone at the time, but fortunately I was in the next room, or Heaven knows what might not have happened. She gave a shriek that startled the hotel, caused crowds to gather in the road below our windows, and put back my heart cure one calendar month. I rushed in, but the mouse was gone. No one has seen it except Letty; but she now has our suite so full of mouse traps that there's no room for fur-

niture. This is a sample of our daily conversation:

"8 A.M. Letty appears, to the extent of putting her head in my room and yawning: 'Have any mice been caught in the traps?' 'No, dear.' 'Why not?' 'I don't know, love.' 'Have you looked at them?' 'I have, and I caught my toe in one of them when I got up to draw the curtains.' 'Well, did you set it again?' 'No, sweetheart.' 'Why not?' 'Because I love the cute little mice, and I like to see them around, and enjoy their innocent gambols, and — ' Door slams."

As for the long threatened paper on "Morning Noises of the World," some valuable notes were secured for it in Switzerland. The travellers spent one night at Süs, having crossed the Flüella Pass en route to St. Moritz, had an excellent dinner, and slept the sleep of the weary until 4 A.M., when this is what took place under their windows, — the diary recording each event in order:

1. (4 o'clock): Boy with a shrill tin whistle calling cows.
2. Cows with large bells on their necks.
3. Shepherds talking to each other.
4. Shepherds talking to a female.
5. Shepherds and female all talking at once.
6. Sheep with small bells on their necks, and lambs bleating.
7. Rooster crowing directly under window, and trying to outdo another rooster around the corner.

8. Two hens join rooster, and cackle.
9. Rooster and hens put to flight by a tumblerful of water from J. W. W.
10. Horses (with bells) led through the streets.
11. Early diligence passes.
12. Rooster and hens return, and are again put to flight.
13. Goatherd with a long horn, blowing loudly.
14. Goats with medium-sized bells on their necks.
15. Hens again.
16. Reapers with scythes, talking loudly on their way to work.
17. Rooster again. By this time it was 6.20, and I got up. So did Letty.

If good advice could keep any of us on the straight and narrow path of prudence, Dr. White need never have lost his footing. Friends and acquaintances wrote to him all summer, enjoining a contemplative life, and pointing out the beauties of inaction. Among them was Henry James, who, after urging his friend to come to Rye, implored him with whimsical intentness to surrender himself for once to the limitations imposed by illness. "When you tell me you are not well, I see it only means that the rankness of your pride and the violence of your past are not sufficiently laid low. . . . Nauheim is, I believe, beautiful and benignant, and never fails with those

of its children who really consent to nestle on its bosom. Nestle close! Nestle, and don't wrestle, according to your vice and wont. That's all you require, — to *permanently* give up wrestling. I, for one, shall feel myself better for your having done so. The sense that you have quit it will act quite as my own private little Nauheim."

From a friend of six months' standing, this letter shows as much insight as affection. Its plea, and the oft repeated pleas of other correspondents, were fully granted; for it is in the nature of all "cures" to turn their patients into pulp, to deaden every vital impulse, to conquer the souls as well as the bodies of their victims. When Dr. White had been ten days at Nauheim, he was as inert as a garden snail. "The laziness of the place is really getting into my bones," he writes in the diary. "To-day I've walked to the bath-house (four minutes) and back; and to the Kurhaus (ten minutes) and back. That's all, and yet I feel as if I'd had quite enough exercise, — perhaps a shade too much."

Thermal baths, "resembling Schuylkill water after a heavy rain," filled up a modicum of time. Massage, "resting," and "fooling about" filled up the rest. To play with some engaging little children at the Kurhaus became a recognized pastime; to "listen to the music" figured as recreation; an illumination in the hotel garden was a real event. Dr. Heineman, the

Nauheim physician recommended by Dr. Osler, urged his patient to be "placid" (he might as well have asked him to be timorous or affable), and to "take things quietly," which he tried hard to do. He notes with increasing frequency in the diary his successful essays at passivity. "Begin alkathrepta this A.M. instead of coffee. Ha! Ha!" "To-day I stayed eleven minutes instead of six in the bath, waiting for the man to come and take me out and dry me. God knows it's a wonder I'm not dead."

There seems to have been a forlorn pleasure in laughing at his own plight, at the

> "masterful negation and collapse
> Of all that made him man."

On the 8th of August he records feelingly: "Out of the last twenty-four hours I have spent fifteen 'resting' in a recumbent position. By the time my five weeks are up, I shall have had more continuous, consecutive rest than I've had in nearly fifty-five years. And the trouble is they don't send you away for your after-cure to exercise, and get up your muscle again; but insist that you must then take more rest, to recuperate from the baths. Heaven knows what I'll be like in October. I *never* exercise on a steamer anyhow. I'll probably arrive home in a bonnet and veil, with a little knit shawl over my shoulders, black fingerless mittens on my hands, open-work stockings, high-heeled red morocco slip-

pers, a lorgnette instead of spectacles, and a caba to hold a little bottle of smelling-salts, one of cologne, a piece of orris root to bite on occasionally, and a nice little black Testament. If Ethel and Florence see any one like that running at them with shrill cries of joy, they'll know it's their Uncle Bill."

Dr. Heineman's diagnosis of the case was an "irritable heart from suppressed gout." This concurred with Dr. White's own convictions, and with Dr. Osler's theory that the trouble was "pure neurosis." There were days when the patient felt himself bounding, or at least sauntering, back to health, and days when he was profoundly discouraged. Clear Sprudel baths replaced the more homelike "Schuylkill" dips; the children went away with their arms full of Dr. White's farewell gifts; the weather grew cold. The hour of departure brought with it a sense of well-merited improvement, which was not destined to last. Ostend, or at least the Palace Hotel, a mile or so out of that "Franco-Belgian-German ghetto," had been chosen as an after-cure. "Sargent is off to Jerusalem," wrote Dr. White to Thomas Robins. "I asked him why Ostend would n't have done as well. There are more Jews there. Of course his visit is in the interest of his work in the Boston Library. I hate to see such paintings put in such a God-forsaken place as that dreary corridor assigned to them."

A verdict with which many readers will agree.

A brief visit to Henry James at Rye was immensely cheering to the invalid. He wrote that he had suddenly lost all his homesickness, and should like to stay in England for a month. The old house, the old town, and his kind host gave him a serene sense of well-being, which not even the rainy weather could dispel. He listened delightedly to the chronicles of the country-side, and to personal reminiscences, jotting down occasionally such an item as this: "I want to record, for the purpose of telling Harrison Morris some day, that the best selling story James ever wrote — 'Daisy Miller' — was first offered to 'Lippincott's Magazine,' and was promptly rejected by the editor, John Foster Kirk. 'Daisy Miller' was subsequently pirated in America" (the shame of it!), "and seventy-five thousand copies were sold."

Morgan Hall was as soothing and as sympathetic as Lamb House, although the patient suffered so severely at this time that Dr. Osler made a little journey to see him. Fresh advice was given, new remedies were tried. "I am beginning to have my own view about the situation," is Dr. White's grim comment. "But I've had so many views — of my own and of others — and they're so devoid of practical results, that I'm not going to waste time in putting down any more. The camphor is keeping the moths out of my heart anyhow. That's a great comfort."

The summer he counted a failure (there was no other possible verdict), and the winter to which he returned was full of cares and contrarieties. Here and there were bright spots in the gloom. The election of Treves as Lord Rector of Aberdeen University gave him sincere pleasure; and he accepted (provisionally) his friend's invitation to represent the University of Pennsylvania, and receive a degree at Aberdeen's Four Hundredth Anniversary. He abandoned definitely and forever his surgical practice, taking this long-meditated step for reasons which were more convincing to himself than to his friends and patients. He retained, however, the John Rhea Barton Chair of Surgery at the University, and gave his lectures with unstinted zeal.

There was much football clamour in the air, but some of it passed him by. Columbia relinquished the game which had never been her long suit. The colleges in general were keen for reform. The Army and Navy game was played at Princeton instead of on Franklin Field, which was unable to furnish the requisite space to West Point and Annapolis. President Roosevelt was again present. The distinguished guests were royally entertained; but thousands of visitors, unable to obtain other food than a chance sandwich (which they refused to consider in the light of luncheon), and heart-broken over the difficulties of transit (it is a stout heart that Prince-

ton Junction cannot break), sighed for the flesh-pots of Philadelphia. No wonder there should be a note of genuine satisfaction in a letter written by Dr. White to Thomas Robins, January 30, 1906, and containing the welcome news that the repentant authorities had signified their desire to return to their old quarters:

"The Army-Navy game is to be played next December on Franklin Field. This was arranged yesterday. We were generous, and promised we would make some extra provision for them" (West Point and Annapolis) "on a temporary stand, although we would not recede an inch from our original position, and give them more than two-thirds of the present seats. I believe, on the whole, that we have done right, and that they have had a lesson which will enable them to appreciate what they are getting when they come here. I am glad they went to Princeton, for until they tried elsewhere, they did not know how comfortable they were with us."

In this month (January, 1906), Dr. White, smitten with the desire for a country home which comes to every man at least once in a lifetime, bought the very beautiful property in Delaware County known as the "Old Farm." It was an estate of a hundred and thirty-seven acres, with a good colonial house somewhat out of repair. "You will see that I have provided elaborately for the use of my spare time

during the few remaining years of my life," he wrote to Robins; who, in return, besought him eloquently to do what no owner of a country home has ever been known to do, — live in it: "When you are in the country give up the pursuits of town, all the pomps and vanities of the wicked world, and the pride thereof. Burn your bridges and be a countryman, and you will be happy. But if you become a suburbanite, cleaving unto Rittenhouse Square, you will be miserable, and will promptly sell the place. All of which I firmly believe."

Dr. Osler, who was Dr. White's guest this winter, and still much concerned about his health, was enthusiastic over the curative powers of field and meadow. "The farm, I dare say, will be your salvation," he wrote after his return to England. This pleasant conceit was echoed from every side. There are hosts of people ready to believe that a town mouse, transported to the country, becomes forthwith a country mouse, changing its nature with the changing scene. The only dissentient voice in this chorus of congratulation came from Dr. Martin. "What is the first thing I'd better do with this place?" asked the proud proprietor; to which his friend replied concisely and conclusively, "Pave it."

In April, the California earthquake, followed by the disastrous fires in San Francisco, filled the country with dismay and commiseration. "Thousands are

stripped as naked as they were born," wrote Thomas Robins from San Mateo. "Men who had large incomes have now nothing for daily needs; yet they are full of hope for the future. I did not dream that the highly specialized modern could face the conditions of the cave man with such uncomplaining alacrity."

Dr. White's first concern was for the safety and welfare of his friend. When this anxiety had been set at rest, he applied himself vigorously to measures of relief. He sent a strong appeal to the alumni of the University of Pennsylvania in behalf of their fellow students, who, scattered along the Pacific Coast, had been involved in the universal ruin. "Some of them are young men who worked their way through college, and had succeeded in establishing themselves in the pursuit of their chosen avocations. Physicians, lawyers, chemists and engineers have lost their libraries, instruments, household goods and clothing, and are now in genuine and extreme distress. Where can they turn in their hour of need with more certainty of freely proffered aid than to their Alma Mater?"

The response to this call was so generous (even the Mask and Wig Club broke its rules, and gave a benefit performance), the fund was so well administered, and the demands upon it were so decently moderate (American gentlemen do not take help unless it be a sore necessity), that, after "central

California had been raked with a fine tooth comb for Pennsylvania men in need," there was actually money left in the treasury, — money for which no University graduate applied.

This relief fund was Dr. White's last public activity for the year 1906. His health had been indifferent all winter and spring. He believed and said that he was holding his own; that, notwithstanding many bad days and nights, the heart trouble had made little or no progress. He had given up violent exercise, and, with it, the habits of a lifetime; and he hoped that by spending tranquil days and nights on the farm, and by rolling 'round in a motor like a fat and prosperous citizen, he might compromise with an unrelenting foe. Then suddenly there came a bolt from the blue, a harsh threat of impending disaster, a tremendous struggle for the life that was so useful and so dear.

CHAPTER VIII

A CRISIS PAST

ON June 5th, 1906, I had an attack of peritonitis, during which I discovered a hard nodular mass in my left iliac fossa. Taken with my other symptoms, at my age (fifty-five), this indicated with great probability a cancerous growth involving the sigmoid flexure, no final and conclusive proof of the presence of internal cancer being at this date known to the profession. On June 17th I left Philadelphia (with Letty and Dr. A. C. Wood) for Rochester, Minnesota, where we arrived June 19th. On June 21st I was operated on by Dr. William J. Mayo. Resection of seven inches of the sigmoid, with end-to-end anastomosis, was done. The operation was severe and prolonged. Dr. Mayo thought the mass was cancerous until the pathologist's report showed that it was a congenital diverticulum, containing an enterolith which had set up ulceration, and was surrounded by a mass of inflammatory exudate, making the lump thought to be malignant. The ulceration had already caused perforation of the bowel, which had given me the attack of peritonitis."

This is Dr. White's succinct account of an experience which embraced the utmost limits of appre-

hension and relief. He had no doubt that the growth was a malignant one. The physicians who examined him were equally sure of it, and made little effort to deceive a man who absolutely refused to deceive himself. He put his affairs in order with his customary precision. There were many friends eager to accompany him to Rochester; but he declined all companionship save that of his wife and of Dr. Alfred C. Wood, who had been for years his assistant in the University Hospital, and for whom he entertained the strong regard which comes with the sharing of work, and care, and responsibility. He knew Dr. Wood's skill as a surgeon; he knew his deep unspoken affection; and he knew the quality of his intercourse, the smooth, silent, wise watchfulness, which would give all the help that was needed, and never fret the nerves of a man who believed he was travelling to receive his death-warrant. As soon as an hour was fixed for the operation, telegrams were sent to Philadelphia, and Dr. Martin, Dr. Frazier, and Dr. Stengel started at once for Rochester. Treves had been most anxious to be present, but it was, of course, impossible to await his coming.

There was one intervening day, June 20th, and Dr. White filled it up, characteristically enough, by watching the two great brother surgeons operate. The utmost interest was taken in his own case, the utmost kindness and consideration were shown him.

When the report revealed the non-malignant character of the growth, Dr. William Mayo hastened to the bedside of his patient, who was perilously weak, and somewhat disinclined to living. "Well, you're all right," he said gladly.

"Well, you're a good liar," replied Dr. White. "I've been there myself, and I know."

Dr. Mayo sat down, and took the sick man's hand. "You don't know everything," he said. "It is like this. A bagful of black beans and one white one. You've pulled out the white bean. Now get well."

Meanwhile, in far-off Philadelphia, Dr. White's secretary, Miss Ivens, waited all that long June day in his office on Rittenhouse Square for news which she could transmit to his anxious friends. She was as earnestly and as loyally devoted to him as any friend he had, her concern was as deep, her heart as heavy. At ten o'clock in the morning she said to me, "Come back at four. We should have word by then." At four I went. She opened the door. Her eyes were shining, her face transfigured with joy. Silently she handed me the telegram, and, half-dazed by the sudden lifting of fear, I read the message which brought better news than any one had ever dared to hope.

The convalescence was slow, and endangered by serious complications. For a whole month Dr. White was permitted to remain in the hospital, — an un-

heard-of indulgence when so many patients were waiting for admission. For ten days Dr. Wood stayed by his side. He established the friendliest relations with Sister Mary Joseph and her assistant nuns; and, after his faithful fashion, he never forgot her kindness. When he reached Rome the following November, he sent her a signed photograph of Pope Pius the Tenth, and obtained for her and for her sisterhood the Papal blessing; in return for which she wrote him fervent thanks, promised him fervent prayers, and gave him unreservedly the "united love" of the community.

To Dr. Mayo he made the only return in his power. His friendship for both the brothers, his admiration and gratitude, found expression in a codicil in his will, bequeathing to them the sum of $10,000. He wrote them frankly of this bequest, and they answered just as frankly, saying they always had better luck than they deserved, and that, while they were willing to wait many long years for the money, it would be useful to the hospital when it came.

On July 3d, thirteen days after the operation, came the first faint scrawl in Dr. White's handwriting to Thomas Robins. "I *ought* to have had cancer," he wrote. "Mayo says it was one hundred to one chances against me, and that he hardly thought any alternative worth considering. But my dumb luck stuck to me." On July 12th he wrote

Who shall say that your restoration to health be not due to the prayers of our dear friend, St. Agnes? 'T is a certain fact, if fervour spells efficacy.

Do let me send my sincere congratulations to that happy woman, your wife, and believe me,

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

There were receptions and public dinners. There were many speeches called for, and a few made. Dr. White was never enamoured of speech-making. He could but say out of the fulness of his heart that, of all sights in the world, the best and dearest to him were the faces of his friends, and the dear familiar shabbiness of Rittenhouse Square.

CHAPTER IX

FOUR BUSY YEARS

IF Dr. White had rashly dreamed that the surrender of his practice would mean for him a life of leisure and tranquillity, he was destined to be rudely undeceived. Perhaps leisure was as alien to his habits as tranquillity was alien to his disposition. Certain it is that work found him out wherever he went, and that the "rest," of which he was wont to talk a little vaguely, formed no part of his earthly experience. Three months after his return to Philadelphia, he was offered, and accepted, the post of Advisory Surgeon to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The position was a new one, and represented a needed consolidation. The doctor was given supervision and absolute control of the medical department of the great corporation which left no part of its business to chance, and which for many, many years, down to the spring of 1918, enjoyed the proud distinction of being the best-run railroad in the world. The Company's hospitals in the mining regions were put under the Advisory Surgeon's care. He was responsible for their management, equipment, and staff. He was consulted in the appointment of their physicians, and he gave personal supervision

Guillaume Wheler

when serious surgery was required. The work in no way interfered with his University lectures; but it insured a brand-new assortment of responsibilities, and absorbed many hours of an already well-filled life.

This being the case, there was no apparent need for his associates to urge upon him fresh fields of labour. Treves, who was forever driven by the demon of print, wrote books about every place he visited, and counselled Dr. White to follow in his footsteps. He wanted him to write mild antiquarian papers on English villages and manor houses. Dr. Weir Mitchell, who could do anything he put his hand to, laughed at the scruples of a man who pleaded that the field of letters was not his bailiwick, and that perhaps it was as well to keep out of it. "You are a blessed old humbug," he wrote breezily, "to talk about the use of language. You know that few men have a better control of English. You have used your powers but little, and needlessly underrate an unusual capacity." Thomas Robins, with a limitless confidence in his friend's endowments, proposed that he should write a novel, and the suggestion was repeated to Henry James, who said briefly and enigmatically, "Why not?" "I fancy," commented the doctor, "that he knows why not as well as I do."

All this time there was much work to be done at the University, there were papers for medical journals

encroaching upon every spare hour, there were the new and unloved football rules to be assimilated and made the best of, and the Army and Navy games to be kept in good running order. There was also the supremely important business of getting well, which never received the attention it deserved. Dr. White had fondly hoped that the summer of 1907 would find him tramping through the Engadine, and climbing mountains with his old ardour and endurance. He was profoundly disappointed when Dr. Osler pronounced him to be still unfit for these strenuous joys. No hard walks, no climbs, no carrying of knapsacks (why, in Heaven's name, should any man not compelled to carry a knapsack solicit the privilege!), was Osler's verdict; and so much danger did he apprehend from undue fatigue that he wrote twice to his wayward patient, entreating him to be cautious. "Don't rush!" he pleaded. "Don't put any extra strain upon your heart!" "Don't forget that you have no longer the ostrich-like digestion of twenty-five years ago!" Wise counsel which no friendly feeling could make welcome. "I wish I had n't asked him to examine me," said Dr. White dejectedly.

Yet there were attractions in England which might well have outweighed the pleasure of mountain climbing. Friends were there to welcome him. Sargent, whom he had not seen for nearly two years, was in London this season, dallying with the fond

illusion that he was about to give up portrait-painting, and answering all remonstrances with the strong statement, "I hate doing pawtreets." Henry James was there also, aghast as usual at Dr. White's "perverse and incalculable rhythms"; and Treves, who had been so loaded with honours in the past twelve months that his back was nigh to breaking. To him and to Sir Francis Laking, the King's second surgeon, had been granted, in recognition of their "great skill and unremitting attention," the supreme dignity of bearing a golden lion on their arms. Such a thing, it was said, had never been known since the days of James the First, when that disconcertingly democratic monarch had permitted his apothecary, Gideon Delaune, to bear on *his* arms (if he had any) a golden lion passant on a red field. A more substantial mark of favour was the beautiful "Thatched House Lodge," in Richmond Park, which King Edward assigned to Treves as a residence. In its charming grounds stood, and still stands, the original "Thatched House," decorated by Angelica Kauffmann, and preserved with admirable care. It was a priceless boon to a man who had to be near London, yet hated to live in it, who said — and believed — that the air of big cities was "poisonous," and who loved the country with a Briton's hardy and tenacious affection.

To prosper gracefully cannot, in the nature of things, be impossible; but it is an art which has yet

to be demonstrated. Sir Frederick would have been more or less than human if his brilliant successes had left no mark upon him. Dr. White, who was heartily American, and, in his own fashion, democratic (no two men are democratic along the same lines), thought that his friend, when he went to visit him in Dorsetshire, had grown a trifle superfine. Treves was ready enough to sigh over the old unregenerate days, but he would do nothing to compromise his present exalted position. He had become strangely fastidious about the clothes he wore to church and garden parties; he regarded bank holidays very much as a conservative Boston gentleman might regard a reunion of the "Elks"; he did not like to see his guest bicycling hatless over the country "like a clerk," or breaking eggs into a glass, — having never listened to Dr. Weir Mitchell's powerful and pleasing arguments in favour of that cleanly custom. It took the clear understanding and kindly offices of Lady Treves and Mrs. White to keep their distinguished husbands in smooth running order.

Dorsetshire had many attractions. Thomas Hardy was a near neighbour, and a friendly one. The bare simplicity of his house amazed Dr. White, who all his life was powerless to resist possessions; but two "nice cats" softened its austerity, and lent to the great novelist and his guests the privilege of their suave and gentle company.

Other acquaintances, less famous but equally agreeable, did the honour of the countryside; and one clever Englishwoman endeared herself for life to the highly receptive American by telling him the story of an ancient village dame who, when ill, said she wished she were "in Beelzebub's bosom." "You mean," corrected the startled parson, "in Abraham's bosom." "Ah!" sighed the unconcerned patient, "if you'd been a lone widow as long as I be, you'd not care 'oose bosom it was."

Abbey was devoting his whole summer to the decorations for the Capitol at Harrisburg, and Dr. White, more confident than ever that these virile and deeply coloured canvases would be "the saving of that monument of graft," wrote a long account of them, and sent it home to be printed in the Philadelphia papers. The symbolism of the designs pleased him no less than the execution, because it was, for the most part, of that uncomplicated order which conveys its meaning instantly to the eye of the spectator. Symbols which require little guide-books to explain them are remote from the simplicity of decorative art. What interests us is, not what the decorator meant, but what he did; not what was in his mind, but what was in his finger-tips; not how deeply he felt the subtleties of his subject, but how successfully he mastered the difficulties of his craft. Dr. White's timely praise had the effect of sharp-

ening public curiosity, already much concerned over the Capitol decorations. The "Philadelphia Inquirer" embellished his paper with a somewhat rakish picture of the writer, felicitously inscribed: "Rev. J. William White." "This," wrote the doctor to Thomas Robins, "is a late recognition of my piety and worth. It has led to sarcastic letters from friends like Effingham Morris, to whom I have replied in a truly Christian spirit of forgiveness."

The hours spent in Abbey's studio were to Dr. White a never failing source of interest. He was ready to pose as a model whenever he was wanted. He liked, in the mornings, to watch the artist sketching and grouping his figures; and, at night, to see the magnified sketches thrown by means of lantern slides on the great canvases stretched for their reception. "Then the outlines and memoranda of the lights and shadows, etc., are rapidly gone over, and a vast deal of labour is saved. In an hour, William Penn and four Indians were placed on the canvas, and roughly sketched in."

Abbey confided to his friend that he thought several additional panels were needed to complete his designs for the "Founding of Pennsylvania." These panels formed no part of his original conception of the subject, or of his original bargain with a board which might be reasonably reluctant to pay for work it had not ordered. The more he considered them, however, the more essential they seemed to his pur-

pose; so, like the true artist that he was, he wrote to his friend in December, 1908, bidding him ask space for the panels, and authorizing him to offer them without payment. This Dr. White did, and the offer was briskly accepted. Politicians may have marvelled a little at such a method of doing business, but they found no cause for complaint.

Dr. Charles Penrose, who had never abandoned the pleasures of the hunt, met with one of its penalties in the autumn of 1907, when he was camping in the mountains of northwestern Montana. A she bear, whose cub he had shot, attacked him so fiercely that he was badly torn before he could despatch the enraged animal. He maintained, as became a huntsman, that the bear was within her rights, and that he had no kick coming; but the justness of this point of view, while soothing to his mind and salutary to his soul, left his body in a terrible condition. He was taken to the Mayo Hospital in Rochester as soon as he could bear the journey, and brought home when partly convalescent. Dr. White was even then much concerned over his condition. "Charley Penrose is improving," he wrote Thomas Robins; "but he has a wrist which gives me a good deal of anxiety. Martin is attending him, and I am in consultation. Our differences of opinion (which are many) are marked by vituperation and profanity, — Charley finding fault indiscriminately with both of us."

By this time the farm was in fair running order. Mrs. Morton's herculean efforts had made the house habitable and attractive, and the workmen were being driven one by one from the domain they had so long misruled. Dr. White's conception of a pastoral life was to spend hours every day in the saddle, riding with Mrs. White in the morning, and alone in the afternoon, and fatiguing himself as thoroughly as if he had been carrying a knapsack over a Swiss pass. His friends, especially those who lived in Europe, thought of him as an American "Farmer John," inspecting his crops and his poultry, or contemplating from his own rooftree those aspects of nature which were spoken of in Hannah More's day as "moral scenery." Osler and Treves and Abbey vigorously applauded this serene absorption. Sargent, who cared nothing for moral scenery, and who was beset by groundless alarms lest bucolic pleasures should wean his friend from their old haunts, wrote him warningly to stop "watching mangel-wurzels, and listening to black Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks." "These, I am aware, are the joys of the landed proprietor; but let them not take exclusive possession of your heart. They beget a terrible respectability, and an awful pride. And when they have seared your soul, you will suddenly find that you don't care a damn for mangel-wurzels after all."

Never in his correspondence with Dr. White did

Sargent consent to sully his pen by writing the word "damn." He always stencilled it in large letters, red or black as the fancy seized him. When red, it took on a lurid significance. When black, it had an impressive solemnity, reminding the reader of that clergyman whom Thomas Fuller commended, inasmuch as "he could pronounce the word damn with such emphasis as left a doleful echo in the hearer's mind a long time after."

Henry James, who could never think of Dr. White except in violent action, and who knew that riding had for the time supplanted all other athletic exercises, pictured him as an Arab or a Tartar, forever astride of his beast, "leading a free quadrupedal life, erect and nimble in the midst of the browsing herds. . . . It all sounds delightfully pastoral to one whose 'stable' consists of the go-cart in which the gardener brings up (from the station) the luggage of visitors who advance successfully to the stage of that question of transport; and whose outhouses are the shed under which my henchman 'attends to the boots' of those confronted by the subsequent phase of early matutinal departure" (is that James or Johnson?). "All of which means that I do seem to read into your rich record the happiest evidences of health as well as of wealth, and that you take my breath away."

He took the breath away from friends less contemplative and less stationary than Mr. James.

Even those who knew him best, and who shared his tastes and amusements, were staggered by the impetuosity of a man whom years could not sober, or illness daunt. "I weigh a hundred and seventy pounds," he wrote to Thomas Robins in June, 1908. "I'm in good hard condition. I've spent the last days in the hay fields with pitchfork and rake, and have done a man's work. I'm keeping three saddle horses exercised. I've jumped four feet, six inches, and, if you don't believe it, I've a photograph taken by Alan Wilson at the time. I have a horse that whirls and rears at automobiles, and I don't care a damn. So my nerves must be in as good shape as my muscles. I've had one fall (jumping), and tore some of my probably large assortment of internal abdominal adhesions. I was under the weather for three days, but was on horseback and jumping again on the fourth. It could not have been serious."

All this meant that Dr. White had unalterably resolved to fling prudence to the winds, and escape in August to Switzerland. It was not only the zest for tramping, and climbing, and wearing himself out, which impelled him to this indiscretion. He loved those heights and valleys with a faithful affection. "I have been asked," he once wrote, "if we did n't get tired of the same mountains and the same walks. Why, if there were only one mountain and one walk, there would be variety enough."

There spoke the true artist. Yet it must be admitted that this nature-lover spent little time in dalliance with his mistress, but wooed her after the rough fashion of a conqueror. There is in the diary of 1908 an account of a ten days' tramp from Riffelalp to St. Moritz (with wide deviations) which equals, if it does not surpass, the records of earlier years. Reading it, we are forced to admit that, not adventure only, but mere endurance has an inexplicable charm for those who are strong enough and brave enough to endure. For seven days, Paine and Orthwein were members of the party. For nine days, Mrs. White tramped heroically by her husband's side. The tenth day he crossed the Julier Pass alone. On the third evening, after a walk of twenty-two miles over difficult ground, he makes this cheerful entry in the diary:

"To-night my two little toes, my left great toe, and my left heel burn as if my feet had been run over. My calves and thighs ache, and hurt to the touch. My back is sore and strained, and my side bruised from yesterday's fall. My shoulders feel the effects of carrying a heavy knapsack. My face is peeling from sunburn. I am 'creepy' from fatigue and the nervous exhaustion due to the pain in my feet. Otherwise, barring a little overaction of the heart, I am all right."

The ninth day brought them to Mühlen. On the

tenth it was snowing hard. Mrs. White's shoe had burst, her heel was blistered, her ankle badly swollen. Under these discouraging circumstances, Dr. White (handsomely conceding that her record was "well enough for a woman, and ought to content her") insisted upon her completing the trip by diligence; while he donned clothes and shoes, wet from the storm of the day before, and started for his climb in the snow. The drifts grew deeper and deeper as he ascended. He struggled through them with increasing difficulty, and a well-defined apprehension lest he should give out on this lonely way. Six hours of exertion, too severe to be exhilarating, brought him to the summit of the Pass. "At the top I put my hand on one of the stone pillars erected by Augustus, thought a few noble thoughts, looked at the road before me going *down*, thanked God for the attraction of gravitation, and started for the Engadine at a gait which would n't have disgraced Weston. I actually did the next five miles in one hour and seven minutes."

It was natural enough that this prowess should have been a matter of pride to a man who, a year before, had been leading the cautious life of a convalescent. His delight, when the long tramp was done, bubbles over in the pages of the diary. "If any gentleman of gambling propensities wants to bet, I 'll back myself to walk, climb, swim, ride, bicycle, row,

or do anything else not dependent upon grace of movement, against any man he can produce, who is near-sighted, white-haired, has an irritable heart (and temper), has had eight inches of gut cut out within two years, and is within three months of fifty-eight. All ball games barred."

A merry and a light-hearted boast. But three years later, in the winter of 1911, Dr. White ruefully admitted that the rheumatic neuritis in his right arm was directly attributable to the exposure and fatigue of that day on the Julier Pass. It began to trouble him before the close of the summer, and he had suffered from it at intervals ever since.

There was no premonition of these evil times in the joyous weeks at St. Moritz. Flushed with triumph, brimming, as he believed, with health and vigour, the doctor despatched a letter to Effingham Morris, pleading with him, as he had pleaded many times before, to stop work and begin to play.

"I don't like the persistence of that discomfort in the back," he wrote affectionately. "In the light of its duration, of your broken sleep, and of your intemperance in the matter of work, it begins to look like a symptom of exhaustion; and only emphasizes the need of a real holiday of sufficient duration to do you permanent good. So now you know, — and don't meet me with some fool excuses about the 'impossibility of staying away longer.' Some time we'll both

stay away for millions of centuries, and things will go on just the same. But don't hurry that day!"

In November, 1908, Dr. White was appointed by President Roosevelt a member of the new Army Medical Reserve Corps. These men were to compose a strong medical staff who would serve as first lieutenants in time of war, who could be put in immediate charge of base hospitals, and appoint their assistants. The President was well aware that the doctors who served in the Spanish-American War were ineffectively organized, and were too often political appointees. The Reserve Corps was part of his "Preparedness" programme, so distasteful to the sentimental and inert.

To Dr. White it was a wise and welcome measure. His enthusiasm for Roosevelt deepened with each year of his life. His delight when the President received the Nobel Prize was equalled by his admiration for the dignified use which the recipient endeavoured to make of it. He was pathetically ready to welcome Taft's nomination, and to uphold him against all doubters. "On the whole," he wrote to Thomas Robins in the spring of 1908, "I think the anti-Roosevelt party at the Club is losing ground. Three or four months ago, Taft, as the next President, was an 'absurd impossibility.' Now they say little or nothing against him, but content themselves with looking gloomy, and predicting Bryan's election."

In other letters to the same sympathetic correspondent he refuses — wisely — to doubt Owen Wister's allegiance, and exults because "Ned Smith reluctantly approves of Roosevelt's having sent troops to Nevada, to suppress disturbances on the part of that gang of murderers known as the Western Federation of Miners." After a dinner at the "Mahogany Tree," he reports that he sat next to Charles Francis Adams, — "a bigoted, intolerant, self-opinionated, interesting, intelligent Yankee. He is 'agin' the President, and his reasons seemed, if possible, feebler than those I am accustomed to hear."

Dr. White was ever a strong antagonist in an argument. It might have been said of him, as of another great surgeon, that he was "formidable when he was in the wrong, irresistible when he was in the right." He fought with the broadsword rather than with the rapier, and he had great difficulty in controlling his temper when he was very much in earnest. But he *never* argued unless acquainted with his facts. He had a tenacious memory and a lifelong habit of accuracy. No access of feeling could betray him into a groundless assertion, and no pity for an opponent's weakness could stay his heavy hand. He drove his weapon home, and, it must be confessed, he turned it in the wound. When the conversation strayed beyond physics, athletics, politics, tangible things which he well understood, and entered those

higher fields where statistics count for little, and the emotions and experiences of mankind for a great deal, he was at a disadvantage because no deep student of humanity, — humanity which never in recorded ages has been able to live by bread alone. "I am having a lonely time," he wrote in 1909, "when the talk turns on Roosevelt or Revealed Religion."

In friendly badinage he was unsurpassed, and he loved a joke with the pure enjoyment of a school-boy. Many of his letters were filled with raillery, and he carried on contests in doggerel with any of his friends who had a gift that way. He wrote one summer from St. Moritz to Effingham Morris in Philadelphia, using an envelope on which, in lieu of name, he had pasted a fairly good newspaper portrait of his friend. The patient post-office officials, accustomed to display the ingenuity of secret service men, delivered this letter safely and promptly, to the delight of the sender, and the embarrassment of the recipient.

Perhaps it was this ineradicable boyishness which made Dr. White delight in the society of children. He won their affections easily, and he never tired of their companionship. They brightened and soothed the tediousness of Nauheim. When he went to Atlantic City he invariably met "a nice little girl," or "two stirring little boys," with whom he spent his days on the beach. Upon every ocean trip he records

his intimacy with children. He was much pleased when a friend on the Cedric heard one passenger say to another: "Dr. White of Philadelphia is on board." To which the second man answered: "Oh, yes, I know him by sight. He's the man with a gray moustache and several children." He wrote to Effingham Morris from the Adriatic: "There are some dear little children on board — five of them — with whom I play all day. We came over together last September, and are true and tried friends. Letty tells me she heard a passenger say: 'That old gentleman is certainly devoted to his children.' I think she put in the 'old.'"

He was as garrulous as a grandfather in repeating the witticisms of his friends' offspring. Dr. Penrose's little son interested him especially, and he had always an anecdote to tell of this precocious child. One story I thought, and still think, remarkable, as illustrating the unconscious subtlety of the childish mind. Dr. White, going one morning to Dr. Penrose's house, found this eight-year-old boy playing with a train of cars which he was loading with bits of wood, and an occasional lump of coal, purloined from the scuttle. "Hello, Boies," he said; "where are you running your train to?" "To Zanzibar," answered the child. "And what's your load?" "Witches, and ghosts, and hobgoblins. And there are n't any witches, and there are n't any ghosts, and there are n't any hobgoblins." "Why, then," asked the amazed visitor, "are you

running a trainload of them to Zanzibar?" "Because," said the child, "the people of Zanzibar don't know there are n't any."

Of rival schools of medicine, Dr. White was always profoundly intolerant, and he hated proprietary drugs with a just and righteous hatred. Once in a London hotel he found himself seated at table next to the thrice celebrated Munyon, from whom he fled as from the pestilence. "An honest, straightforward burglar who takes his chance of being killed or jugged is comparatively respectable," was his indignant comment. This martial attitude inspired him to work hard in the spring of 1909 for the new Medical Examiners Bill, then being prepared for the state legislature. He believed it to be a wise and a much needed measure, and he rejoiced because it "involved a row with osteopaths, homœopaths, eclectics, and all the other quacks in town and state."

The friends and former students of Dr. White had been for some time eager to present his portrait to the Medical Department of the University. This year they subscribed the money, and asked his consent. He in turn wrote to Sargent, who was still struggling to escape from the bondage of portraits, and put the questions bluntly. Would he paint the picture? Would he paint it in June? Would he object too keenly to the scarlet gown of Aberdeen?

Sargent, well accustomed to his friend's humorous

moods, thought this letter a jest, and treated it as one. It took a second missive to convince him that the request was made in sober earnest; and then, like a loyal friend, he bowed his head to the yoke. True, the image of his sitter, clad in dazzling tints, haunted his sleepless nights, "invoking with a savage grin the name of friendship to hurl me back to the damned abyss of portraiture, out of which it has taken me two years to scramble." True, he wrote pitifully that he hoped Dr. White's admiring friends did not want a three-quarter length. "That would take much longer, and looking at a large surface of scarlet affects me as they say it does army tailors, who have to retire to the vomitorium every three-quarters of an hour. You are sure to know all about the close connection between the optic nerve, the colour scarlet, and the epigastrium." True, he cabled in an access of despair: "Prefer death to three-quarter length." Nevertheless, he painted the portrait (a half-length), painted it in the Aberdeen gown of scarlet and light blue, with the University of Pennsylvania hood, and consoled himself by declaring that his old friend looked like a "South African macaw," — being apparently unaware that macaws are a product of tropical America.

On the 14th of June, Sargent wrote to Dr. White, who was expected to land on the 20th: "By this time I suppose you are on the bridge, practising a becoming expression. I am also training for you by a course

of drawing from the antique. If you get here on Sunday, the 20th, I shall await you on Monday, at eleven o'clock. Bring your war-paint in the way of gowns, etc. I hope Mrs. White will come with you to administer anæsthetics, and, generally, lend a helping hand."

The sittings began on the 21st, Sargent swearing vigorously that this would be his last, his *very* last portrait. It was rumoured that he had already refused a hundred and fifty commissions; but then he was always refusing something or somebody. He refused resolutely to make speeches; and, as he never burdened himself with book-plates and other artless impedimenta, he escaped the demands of collectors. One day when he was painting his friend, he refused to dine with the King and Queen at the American Embassy. "I'd certainly go if I were asked," comments Dr. White simply. "He is more indifferent to such things. They bore him."

The ocean voyage had browned the doctor to a rich mahogany, and the portrait was finished before he had a chance to pale under the mild London skies. He delighted in this Malayan tint, and explained indignantly to Henry James and other startled friends that he was often much darker, — which would have seemed impossible. Sargent contented himself with expressing a hope that the picture would protect him from future applications. "It

will suit my purpose better to let people think that this is my present style than to make a plea for extenuating circumstances." That he knew his work to be good, a penetrating likeness, a virile and distinguished portrait, is proved by his asking Dr. White to lend the canvas to the Buffalo Exhibition. It was shipped to the United States in September, and was formally presented to the University by Dr. Stengel, and accepted by Dr. Frazier, on the 22d of February, 1910. In the meantime it had been hung in the winter exhibit of the Academy of the Fine Arts. There I found Dr. Keen earnestly contemplating it on the night of the Private View. "Don't tell me that the leopard cannot change its spots," he said, "for White has certainly changed his skin."

The Engadine programme in the summer of 1909 was materially modified by the fact that Dr. and Mrs. Martin, and Dr. and Mrs. Clark, joined the Whites at St. Moritz. The newcomers proclaimed themselves burning with zeal for a walking tour, and August 2d was set for a start. It snowed all morning and rained all afternoon. Dr. Martin lightly proposed a train. Dr. White explained that travelling by train was not, and never could be, a walking tour. Dr. Martin admitted the irrefutable nature of this argument, and compromised, as did the Clarks, by driving. They repeated this measure whenever they were tired, or the weather was unpropitious. There was nothing

unduly strenuous about that trip. When the friends reached Menaggio, Dr. Clark took one swim every day, Dr. Martin, two, Dr. White, three. Dr. Clark rowed sparingly, Dr. Martin, moderately, Dr. White, exhaustively. "They think," wrote the diarist, "that I'm a fool to work so hard. I know they're fools to miss the edge that plenty of exercise always puts on outdoor amusements. We're all satisfied."

Another friend of still more tranquil habits came to St. Moritz in August. This was Mr. John G. Johnson. He stated tersely that he was not there to scramble over ice-pits, but meant to read novels and play solitaire every day, and all day, until he left. Two weeks later he wrote to Dr. White, then at Menaggio, that he was still reading novels and playing solitaire in great comfort and contentment.

On his return to Philadelphia in the autumn, Dr. White found fresh fields of labour awaiting him. He had already, at Mr. Johnson's solicitation, accepted membership in the Western Saving Fund Society. Now he was appointed by the Board of Judges a member of the Fairmount Park Commission. It was an appointment which, in newspaper language, "gave wide satisfaction" to all save the appointee, whom it was destined later on to enmesh in a particularly lively quarrel. More and more, as the years went by, it became the habit of astute boards to pile work upon the shoulders of a man who was perfectly sure

to do it. For shirkers and slackers he had a profound aversion; for hedgers and temporizers a still more profound contempt. A tenacious fidelity to old customs and to new duties characterized him throughout life. He served steadfastly on the Board of Stewards of the American Rowing Association. Years had passed since he severed his connection with Blockley; but he seldom failed to attend the "Old Blockley" reunions of doctors and surgeons, and he stood ever ready to assist in needed measures of reform. A clause in that profoundly human document, his will, bequeathed $5000 to the syphilitic ward, the interest of which was to be given every year to some poor patient who had been pronounced sound enough to be free, and who was decent enough to try and rebuild his life, if help were given him to bridge over the first hard months of convalescence.

Dr. White had not found it easy to escape from surgery by the simple surrender of his practice. Old patients refused to be surrendered, and new ones called imperatively for aid. In December, 1908, Secretary Root injured his knee, and begged Dr. White to come to Washington in consultation, — a favour for which he expressed then and later the liveliest sense of obligation. John G. Johnson, having need of a severe operation, insisted that his old friend should operate, brushing aside the latter's reasonable misgivings, and declining to be touched by any other hand than his.

In the winter of 1910, Henry James, hugging his solitude at Rye, wrote sombrely to his friend: "The days are short and dark, the rain eternal, the mud infernal, the society nil. But, with the intuition of genius, I none the less feel the weeks and the months run through my fingers like water."

They ran swiftly, but they bore misfortune on their current. Mr. James was, after all, an American, and no American can vegetate with safety. He knew he ought to be in London. He admitted that London was the only cure for his ailments, the sovereign remedy for ageing limbs and a heavy heart. Yet he stayed perversely at Rye, in close proximity to a Salvation Army, and his health and spirits visibly declined. Later, the lamentable death of his brother, Professor William James, plunged him into profound grief and melancholy. "Every departure," says Montaigne, "breaks a set of sympathies." There were so many sets of sympathies between these brothers that the years were too short to mend the shattered life of the survivor.

The spring of 1910 brought three of the four friends together in England, — England visibly saddened by King Edward's death, and dimly aware of the disastrous nature of its loss. Sargent was in London, rioting in his escape from portrait painting, exhibiting a "Corfu Landscape," and a "Glacier Stream," at the Academy, and spending happy

nights in watching Pavlova and Mordkin dance. The Abbeys had bought a beautiful old manor house near Winchester (Elizabethan in the main, but with a wall or two which dated from the time of Richard the Second), and were also in London, deep in plans for alterations, furnishings, etc. The artist did Dr. White a good turn, which was duly appreciated. Hearing that his friend's silk hat had been left in Philadelphia, he promptly presented him with one which he held in just abhorrence. It had been the property of Mr. Cross — known to the world as George Eliot's husband — who had walked off from a dinner with Abbey's new hat, leaving in its place one of his own, partly worn, and decorated with a cigarette hole in the side. When they next met, Abbey voiced an indignant protest, to which the successful raider replied unconcernedly, "Aw really. Just fahncy now." Abbey bought a new hat, and handed over his souvenir to Dr. White, who wore it once or twice until his own head-gear arrived; and then, true to his instinct for hoarding everything that had played the least part in his life, boxed it up, and carried it back to Philadelphia, to be stowed away in some capacious closet of the Rittenhouse Square home.

This summer the Whites actually succeeded in persuading the Abbeys to visit them at St. Moritz. Dr. White never could be brought to understand

why his friends did not spend their holidays in the Engadine, and on the Italian lakes, as he did. He represented to them in moving terms how much they missed, and how completely they were at fault in missing it; and they answered with ribald and unseemly jests. Sargent wrote: "Wild omnibus horses would not draw me from this domain to wallow on your Lascivious Lakes." Henry James, always impatient of Switzerland, and of the "elevating amusements" it afforded, audaciously proposed that his "passionate friend" should come to Rye instead. "If you'll let me tie ropes around your waist, give you a pickaxe to carry, and stick a brandy flask into your pocket, you will be able to walk up and down this backyard, with every other natural inducement to believe you are on the Matterhorn."

Abbey alone listened to the voice of reason, and presented himself at St. Moritz, with the astonishing result that, instead of panting up mountain-sides, for which hardy sport nature had unfitted him, the artist insisted that his friend should follow *his* lead, and learn to draw, for which amiable accomplishment nature had, with equal austerity, unfitted Dr. White. A sketch-book was selected with great care, and Abbey sent to London for an instructive little volume on the "Making of Pictures." Thus equipped, the friends sallied forth in search of material and inspiration. The pupil made amazing progress, only nothing he

drew was recognizable, or of the right size. "If I try and sketch a rowboat," he wrote from Menaggio, "it looks like an ocean liner, or a floating peanut."

Running through this summer's diary, and in some measure through all the diaries, is a vein of raillery which corresponded with family jokes, and with the give and take of family banter. What Dr. White most enjoyed was to deride his wife and sister-in-law arrayed in arms, and arms of exceeding sharpness, against him. When he wrote teasingly of his wife, it was in continuation of this battle of wits, in which he was alternately conqueror and conquered. His one lasting advantage lay in the fact that *he* kept a diary, and Mrs. White did n't. At Menaggio he records the arrival of home papers which he wanted to read, but of which she promptly took possession.

"Letizia in Italian means joy or gladness. My little Joyness read the recently arrived 'Ledger' to me, and I noted mentally her selections. She began with the death of Mrs. Snowden; then commented on the death of Judge Craig Biddle; then tried to remind me of some one on whom I had once operated, who was of course dead, and whose sister had just died; then read about the epidemic of infantile paralysis in Pennsylvania, the pest of potato bugs in Chester, and the appearance of caterpillars in Philadelphia, with side remarks about caterpillars on the farm, and a diagnosis of the death of our old sow, and a word on

the need of a new pig-sty. Then she skimmed the death list, and wondered if Miss Kate Biddle had died. Then she told me that the Athletics had just lost a game or two, and that their percentage had gone down. Then she stopped a minute to comment upon Kate's inability to stand American heat. Then she settled to work again on the remainder of the death list, the low price of all our stocks, and a couple of railroad and automobile accidents. She was busy with a description of the bodies that were removed from the last wreck when we arrived at the spiaggia. I felt quite cheered up."

In the autumn of this year, Dr. White took a step he had been for some time contemplating, and severed the last tie which bound him to the profession he had served for forty years. He resigned the John Rhea Barton Professorship of Surgery at the University. The resignation of his chair followed inevitably the resignation of his surgical practice four years earlier. He was only sixty, and full of potential force. It seemed too soon to step outside the ranks in which he had risen to supreme command. Had he foreseen what four more years would bring upon the world, he would have stood by his guns, and bided his chance to give his skill and experience to the great cause of justice and civilization.

There was the usual melancholy round of last words, and presentations, and regrets. Dr. Edward

Martin succeeded him as John Rhea Barton Professor. The D. Hayes Agnew Surgical Society held a meeting at Dr. Martin's house, and presented Dr. White with a loving cup. The students of the third and fourth year medical classes gave him a farewell reception in the amphitheatre of Logan Hall, presented him with a very handsome hall-clock, and shouted themselves hoarse in his honour. He had always been popular with his classes, and they had recognized the keen and generous character of his regard. Years had passed since Dr. William Pepper, whose name should be forever honoured by the city which he served, had rescued the University of Pennsylvania from the state of coma into which it had fallen, and had breathed new life into its shrunken veins. In this work of revivification Dr. White had bravely helped. Less philosophical and less impersonal than Dr. Pepper, less patient under injury, and less lenient to a blundering world, he was moved to wrath by provocations over which the older physician would have shrugged tolerant shoulders. But he could no more have been alienated from the college by such provocations than he could have been alienated from the United States by an Administration, or from Philadelphia by its politicians, or by the "social inbreeding" he astutely recognized and deplored. "The people think they are moving, but they are like sticks in an eddy." His country was his coun-

try, his birthplace was his birthplace, his Alma Mater was his Alma Mater, and he stood ready to serve all three while breath was left in his body. The notion — borrowed from Germany — that criticism spells disloyalty was less common then than now.

At the students' reception, Dr. White made a brief and highly characteristic speech. It had been his rare good fortune to inspire confidence in those whom he taught. His enthusiasms were apt to be contagious. "There was no resisting the exhilaration of his spirit, or the impetus of his example," said a keen observer. Now that he was speaking to these students for the last time, he admitted that his greatest pleasure and pride lay in the fact that, during the thirty years in which he had lectured, only one man had — to his knowledge — gone to sleep in class. "I did not know who this man was," he said, "I should not know him if I saw him now awake. But I shall never forget the shock of that sleeping face."

There spoke the spirit of the man. I recall, by way of contrast, Dr. Horace Howard Furness saying to me that the person whom he most liked to see at his Shaksperian readings (readings which stirred the heart and set the blood a-tingling) was a mutual acquaintance who seemed to me strangely unworthy of this preference. "Yes," he added, in answer to my unspoken question, "I'd much sooner see her than you, because she sleeps two thirds of the time, and I

have the satisfaction of knowing that there is at least one person in the audience who is thoroughly enjoying herself."

There was none of this altruism about Dr. White. He liked his students to attend to his lectures, not only because there were many things which it behooved them to know, but because *he* was speaking to them. It takes a good deal to galvanize college classes into life, and to rivet their attention. This he was able to do. He was not a tranquillizing speaker upon any subject. You liked, or you did not like, what he had to say; but in either case you stayed awake and listened.

CHAPTER X

FREEDOM

THERE is a story of Kipling's about a Scotch sea-going engineer who came into a fortune, forsook his engine-room, and spent his long-hoped-for freedom in doing for love the work he had formerly done for pay. Dr. White was now a free man. He, too, had abandoned his life's work. But there remained the work of other people, and those odds and ends of employment which consume leisure, and are warranted to keep our interests and irritability from decay. For one thing, he was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. It was a hotly contested election, for this, being a year of changes, was also a year of disputation. Few boards welcome a dynamic force into their slumberous bosoms. They like a man who can be put on the difficult jobs; but the worst of such a member is that he will seldom let sleeping dogs lie, and there is a deal of disturbance attendant upon their awakening. When Dr. White held the chair of surgery, he had always striven to get the men he wanted under him. Now that he was a trustee, he was as full of fight as ever. "Uncertainty about anything close to my plans and wishes always was killing to me," is his

naïve admission. "I know you for the ruthless Terrorist you are," is Robins's more forceful fashion of describing the situation.

Provost Harrison resigned his position after sixteen years of faithful and strenuous service, and Vice-President Edgar Fahs Smith succeeded him. On the 22d of February the University conferred the degree of LL.D. on our good friend, Count von Bernstorff, who was received with tumultuous applause. The prayer delivered by the Reverend Dr. William Henry Roberts, Clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, held special petitions for the Emperor of Germany and the King of England. Count von Bernstorff made a most interesting speech in praise of all things German, and expounded to us the "Science of Social Government," about which we were destined to be later on more fully and freely enlightened.

That Dr. White's labours as a trustee were ultimately crowned with success, and that his highest hopes were realized, is shown by a letter sent early in June to announce the glad tidings to Thomas Robins. "As to the University, everything has gone my way," he writes triumphantly. "I have n't lost a trick yet. The Governor has signed our bill for $995,000, which is $515,000 more than we ever before succeeded in getting from the State. It makes us easy for two years, if there is n't another dollar begged or given. We've raised many salaries, adding about

$75,000 to the salary list, and diffusing an atmosphere of content and prosperity. Several of our best men, who were on the point of going elsewhere, are now fixed; and others will give cheerful instead of reluctant work."

One break for liberty Dr. White made in the winter of 1911. He and Mrs. White went to Bermuda, being urged thereto by doctors and friends. The trip was like all similar trips, — a replacing of ordinary by extraordinary exertions, and of vital interests by artificial ones. Dr. White bicycled all day, except when he was swimming. He had the usual assortment of accidents, and reports them with the usual acrimony. "I picked up on the water's edge a beautiful blue, soft, translucent creature, to show it to Letty," he writes in the diary. "I'm not sure whether it was a jelly fish or a nautilus. Anyhow it stung my finger, which is now red, swollen and aching. I think I can be stung by more kinds of animals than any one else on this planet. If an apple-dumpling were floating on the sea, and I picked it up, it would sting — if it did n't bite me."

Three days later he reports that he has a cold, from getting alternately over-heated and chilled; and also a sprained ankle. "Moreover, I twisted my back a little in diving, and have a sore spot over the lumbar spine. My stung finger still aches, and my shoulder and arm are annoying me. My bicycle saddle came

off (from the breaking of a bolt), and I bruised myself on the bare wires. I broke a finger-nail against the edge of a table I was moving, and *that* finger is sore. The salt water (from diving) has made me deaf in one ear. Otherwise I am in splendid condition."

Thus fortified he returned to Philadelphia, to be met by evil tidings. Abbey was ill. He had been suffering increasingly for months, but continued to labour upon the Harrisburg decorations; "putting work of the very first and finest order into those bottomless (or topless) spaces," wrote Henry James, and striving vainly to outspeed the stealthy step of Death. As the spring deepened, his malady laid a stronger hand upon him; and, early in June, Osler and Mrs. Abbey cabled to Dr. White, begging him to come to London at once, and be present at an "exploratory" operation upon his friend.

The doctor snatched the first sailing he could get, stowing himself away in a lower cabin on the Mauretania, and leaving Mrs. White to follow with her sister and her brother-in-law in a fortnight. He arrived in London to find it in the throes of the Coronation, and Mrs. Abbey urged him to occupy one of their seats in front of the Reform Club. Heavy-hearted, and out of tune with the gaudy pageant, he shuffled through the crowded, scaffolded streets. "The Londoner's one idea of decorating his city," said Whistler, "is to cover it up and sit on it." The

figures of burning interest to him were Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. The spectacle he enjoyed was the marching of the splendid British and Colonial regiments. Had he been gifted with second-sight, he would have beheld these men swathed in their winding sheets. Three years more, and their graves yawned for them. Germany's plans were maturing; her strategic railways were built; her arms and ammunition were stored; she was waiting her hour to strike. And England was self-blinded. Lord Roberts had given her warning. In the plainest words he could use, he had foretold the invasion of the Huns; and he had received the reward meted out to prophets, — discredit and distrust. Liberal statesmen had decried his suspicions of a "friendly power," and the Liberal press had feelingly rebuked "the crude lusts and fears that haunt the soldier's brain."

On the 25th of June the exploratory operation was performed by an English surgeon, Mr. Moynihan, — Dr. Osler and Dr. White being present. It revealed a situation so hopeless that there was nothing to be done but tell the truth to Mrs. Abbey (a harsh duty which devolved upon Dr. White), and make the sick man as comfortable as possible for the remaining months of his life. When the old friends parted, one feared and the other knew they would never meet again. Sargent, with superb generosity, gave up his summer's plans, and returned to England to superin-

tend the completion of several of the Harrisburg pictures which were so nearly finished that assistants could deal with them; and also to arrange for an exhibition of the artist's work at Shepherd's Bush. Abbey died on the 1st of August, and Henry James wrote to Dr. White, lamenting his loss, but adding, "He had a pretty big and glorious life." It is a comment which recalls Mr. Brownell's summing up of the novelist's own career: "If any life can be called happy before it is closed, that of Mr. Henry James may certainly be so called." This was written in 1909. There were still five years of calm.

The remainder of Dr. White's summer was spent, without keen enjoyment, in Switzerland, and on the Italian lakes. No sooner had he returned to Philadelphia in the autumn than he began his memorable contest for the abolishment of motor races in Fairmount Park. As a member of the Park Commission, he offered on October 12th the following resolution: "Resolved, that in the opinion of the Fairmount Park Commission it is unadvisable to continue the automobile races in the Park, and that, to avoid disappointment and misunderstanding, this opinion be transmitted to the persons heretofore chiefly concerned, and be made public."

It was a bold stand, determinedly upheld. The races were popular with sporting motorists; with the public, which gathered in crowds at the most danger-

ous curves on the track, in the hope of seeing a smash; and with that large body of citizens whose plea for all happenings, from a presidential nomination to a circus, is that it brings trade to the town. Grave protests against "reactionary Philadelphia" were heard from every side, and scornful critics asked mockingly, "Was this White the athlete, the lifelong champion of all dangerous sports, who now proffered the ignoble plea of 'safety first'?"

To these assaults Dr. White presented an unbroken front. He had always taken a utilitarian view of motors, as vehicles for transportation; and he pointed out that, while most sports worth considering hold an element of danger, this danger should be incurred by, and confined to, the sportsman, — not shared by spectators. There had been accidents at Syracuse and at St. Louis which had resulted in severe injuries to lookers-on, as well as to the racing motorists. This he held to be unsportsmanlike and uncivilized.

The Park Commissioners were equally reluctant to pass the resolution, or to reject it. They wanted naturally to be let alone, and spared such burning questions. They tried postponement, hoping it would die a natural death, but they reckoned without Dr. White's sustaining power. He had kept too many patients alive, to let a resolution die. They tried referring it to the sub-committee on Police and Superin-

tendence; and that acute body sent it back to them without action or comment. They tried to show they lacked jurisdiction, and the doctor promptly procured the legal opinion of Mr. George Wharton Pepper, which was to the effect that the authority to permit or forbid the races within the Park confines lay with the Park Commission. On December 13th, the postponed resolution was brought up for consideration. Dr. White again spoke briefly in its defence:

"There is no form of physical competition or strenuous sport," he said, "which is wholly devoid of danger to the participant; and sometimes, as in mountain climbing, or in the pursuit of man-eating game, the element of danger is a justifiable stimulus. But the moment the peril is excessive, or extends to lookers-on, or, worse still, grows to be the chief element of interest, the usefulness of the sport is gone, and it becomes harmful and demoralizing.

"I must frankly admit that I have attended and enjoyed these motor races in the past, and I have a keen admiration for the dexterity and fearlessness of the drivers. When I realized, however, my own responsibility in the matter, my pleasure was marred, because spectators, who were encouraged by this Commission, of which I am a member, to be present, might be instantly killed in one of the races, and because no conceivable precaution could eliminate this possibility."

He won out. On May 8, 1912, the Commission passed the Resolution with only one dissentient vote. Much indignation was expressed by motorists. Some regret was felt by sight-seers. There was vague talk of "legal action." Then the press dropped the matter, the public forgot it, and the world moved unconcernedly on.

On the 30th of March, a medallion in commemoration of Dr. Crawford Williamson Long, of the class of '39, was unveiled in the University of Pennsylvania. It was the work of Dr. Tait McKenzie. Dr. Long, it was claimed, was the first practitioner who, seventy years before, had used ether as an anæsthetic in surgery. Dr. White made the address at the unveiling, and dwelt long and lovingly on the hard fortune which always attends the innovator. He told with relish the experiences of that stout-hearted Scotch surgeon, Sir James Simpson, who got himself into a world of trouble by using chloroform in cases of childbirth. He quoted the letter of an Edinburgh minister, who censured Simpson for employing a drug which was but "a decoy of Satan, apparently offering itself to bless women; but, in the end, destined to harm society, and rob God of the deep earnest cries which arise in time of trouble for help."

The sins of the pulpit were balm to Dr. White's soul; but in this instance the laity was as deeply impressed by the immorality of chloroform as was

the dourest cleric in Scotland. An Edinburgh mob went so far as to smash Dr. Simpson's windows, by way of signifying its disapproval of his interference with what they piously designated as "the curse of Eve." A male mob evidently. Men have always manifested a broad tolerance for this particular curse. It is about the only ruling of Providence which has their full and free concurrence.

The presidential nominations were now darkening the horizon, and Dr. White's hopes for his beloved Roosevelt ran higher than did the hopes of more astute adherents. On the 12th of April the Colonel addressed two Philadelphia meetings, and was received with that tumultuous enthusiasm which is as a fire of straw. No man understood this better than he; and his suggestion that his audience should not "take it all out in shouting," betrayed his wide knowledge of humanity. Owen Wister presented him to the five thousand men and women packed into the Metropolitan Opera House; while to the fifteen thousand men and women on Broad Street he presented himself in the homely fashion so dear to the heart of democracy. The nomination of Wilson failed to shake Dr. White's confidence. He wrote to Tom Robins that there was *some* satisfaction in it, inasmuch as it meant the defeat of the forces that had betrayed their trust in Chicago. "The machine pol-

iticians cannot hold the organization together. I consider Taft is as well out of it as if he were dead."

What wounded his spirit past healing was the contumacy of friends. Some there were who, like Robins and Sargent, gave Roosevelt an adherence as loyal as his own. Henry James, whom he rashly attempted to convert, had an invincible distaste for *all* presidential nominees. Effingham Morris, for whom his affection was strong, constant, and curiously outspoken, was the associate whom he most wanted to see the light, and who dwelt permanently in darkness. The friends would argue until they quarreled, and Dr. White hated to quarrel with the few men whom he loved, as much as he liked to quarrel with the many men to whom he was indifferent. There is something profoundly wistful in the way he pleads with Mr. Morris during the heat of the presidential campaign: "If I could only have you and one or two others — but especially you — singing 'Onward Christian Soldiers!' by my side, on the same platform — both political and wooden — with the Colonel, my cup would overflow."

It is strange how deep his feelings ran, how irresistibly the tide of a few strong emotions swept him through life. When, instead of mounting the Progressive platform, Mr. Morris sent him some ribald rhymes on his great leader, he comments more in sorrow than in anger: "It's funny, of course. But

that it should represent the serious view of men whose intelligence I had until recently considered as far above the average is a continual surprise."

In truth he could no more tolerate a jest at the expense of Roosevelt than he could tolerate a jest at the expense of his profession. The Colonel himself often enjoyed such thrusts hugely. I have heard him roar with laughter over "Dooley's" amended title for his volume on "The Rough Riders." "If I was him, I'd call th' book 'Alone in Cubia.'" But though Dr. White admired this hardy sense of humour, this freedom from the peevish vanity which cannot forgive a personal affront, he would not, even on this occasion, join in the laugh. His loyalty was too staunch, his allegiance too undivided.

The summer found him still full of hope. He wrote in July to Mr. Edward Van Valkenburg, proposing three planks for the platform. First: A constitutional amendment giving the President power to veto *items* in appropriation bills. Second: A proviso that at least one member of the Cabinet shall have the right *ex officio* to participate in the debates of the House and Senate. Third: The establishment of a Federal Bureau of Health. "The first would stop the iniquitous business of adding riders. The second would put definite clearness into much legislation. The third would contribute to the safety, and therefore to the prosperity and happiness, of the whole nation."

All of which is true, provided you are sure of your president, sure of your cabinet, and sure of your bureau. Of course no one is ever sure of Congress. But that is an old story.

In October, Colonel Roosevelt's candidacy came near being closed by an assassin's hand. The bullet, deflected by a steel spectacle case, lodged between the third and fourth ribs, and stayed there. When the patient was strong enough to be taken home (he was fired at in Milwaukee), Dr. White accompanied him to New York; and joy that life was spared went far to solacing his faithful heart in the dark November days. After the battle was over and lost, Roosevelt, who had foreseen no other issue, wrote a few words of comfort to his less prescient follower:

"Looking back, I think I can say that we won more than we had a right to expect. My dear fellow, I very earnestly hope that we shall be able to develop some other leader who can do better than I have done in the fight for social and industrial justice, and that I shall never again be a candidate for the Presidency."

The summer of 1912 was spent in the fashion of other summers, — a little of it in London, a great deal of it in the Engadine. Dr. Agnew used to say that at seventy a man should not break even a bad habit. Dr. White was only sixty-two; but his holiday habits were set. Now and then he admitted to Robins

that flower-shows and German princelings palled on his jaded fancy; but there was always an avenue of escape. When hard pressed socially, he and Mrs. White retreated to their mountain fastnesses, and were safe.

This season St. Moritz gave him little rest, because a young American, a Harvard student, lay desperately ill in the hospital, and Dr. Bernhard implored his aid in a difficult and dangerous operation. It was not the first time such help had been asked and given; but never before had he been so deeply interested, so gravely anxious. It was the old story of fighting with death, and, while that duel was on, Dr. White knew no respite from concern. He would leave the hospital late at night, and be in it again by seven in the morning. He kept a minute record of the case. "I am afraid that boy will slip through our hands after all," is his frequent and despairing report. He helped to dress the wound twice a day. "I could give them all lessons in surgical dressing to their advantage. They lack delicacy of touch and attention to detail. But, of course, I've seen and dressed a hundred cases where any doctor here has seen and dressed one."

When at last the patient was pronounced out of danger, and the Whites fled to Menaggio, it was only to be pursued by a telegram, urging their immediate return. Fresh complications had arisen, and there was fresh need for help. "I've agreed to go, d—— it!"

groaned the doctor, and go he did. The poor lad, who clung so desperately to life, greeted him with joy. He was cheerful and full of jokes. "Joking won't stop that fever," is the diary's grim comment; but perhaps it helped. Once more he was pulled out of the abyss, and his feet set upon the paths of earth. "If I ever get through with this case, I shall try to keep out of others," wrote Dr. White soberly, and Mrs. White added "Amen."

The only conflicting interest that St. Moritz offered was the arrival in August of Prince Adalbert, the Kaiser's third son. He was a friend of the Orthweins, and took enough of a fancy to Dr. White to confide to him many of his opinions, noticeably his liking for Americans, and his detestation of Jews. Also — but this was accidental — his views upon a more abstruse subject. Meeting the doctor one morning in the corridor of the Kulm, he showed him an X-ray photograph of a skull, saying, "That's good of a monkey, is n't it?"

Dr. White looked at the paper, and then at the young man. "Many human skulls are exactly like that," he answered.

The Prince laughed. "As it chances, it's mine," he said.

Again the doctor glanced at the royal conformation, and observed cheerfully, "The resemblance to a monkey takes us back to our common ancestors."

"Not to *my* ancestors," said the Prince quickly.

"I was not alluding to the Hohenzollerns," explained Dr. White; "but to the common ancestors of the human race, millions of years before there were any class distinctions."

"I don't believe in that kind of thing," said the Prince.

"But surely," protested Dr. White, "you believe in evolution. All your scientific men believe in it, as do scientific men the world over."

"Well, I don't," said the Prince, and the subject was dropped.

No sooner had the travellers returned to Philadelphia in October than they began to plan their long meditated trip around the world. The time seemed ripe for its accomplishment. Germany, with sinister patience, bided her hour, and the nations which she so easily hoodwinked saw the years before them mellow with peace, and brimming with pleasurable activities. All of the doctor's letters in the winter of 1913 are full of allusions to this cherished project, and all of his friends' letters to him are full of that qualified assent which is as far as friendship lends itself to enthusiasm. "I can only gape, and admire, and oh, so detachedly, applaud," is Henry James's method of expressing this familiar and discomfiting attitude.

Dr. White really stood in need of a little moral

support, because, though he wanted to go, he hated to leave. There was nothing which imperatively demanded his presence, but there were many things which would suffer from his absence. He was toiling very hard over the needs of the University this winter, and he wrote and published in the spring an exhaustive résumé of the work done in the various departments. The paper is so singularly impersonal that it reads more like a bulletin than a eulogy; but, being designed as a basis for begging (an endowment fund of thirty millions was the writer's golden dream), no word which could be of service is left unsaid. "We do not seem to attract bequests as I think we should," is his anxious comment in a letter to Provost Smith. "This is a matter which will slowly right itself, but I may not live to see it."

A matter of less moment, but one which had long vexed his mind when he had leisure to think about it, was the dismal decay into which Rittenhouse Square had been permitted to fall. In my youth this beloved but melancholy little park was shut in by tall iron railings which protected its gravel walks, dead turf, and moribund trees from the too careless incursions of the public. When the English sparrows had performed their appointed task, and had eaten up the measuring worms which were wont to descend upon us adroitly from every tree, the caterpillars took their place, and used the railings for nurseries.

They were old established tenants with whom no one interfered. It was a shock to conservatism when the unsightly barriers were removed, and lawless citizens could step upon what was by courtesy called the grass.

An effort had been made to have the Philadelphia squares put under the control of the Fairmount Park Commission, which might possibly have done something for them; but it was clear to all concerned that only private enterprise could, or would, deal successfully with what the newspapers were beginning to call "the city beautiful." The Rittenhouse Square Improvement Association met for the first time on the 19th of February, at the house of Mrs. Edward Siter, Dr. White acting as chairman. Big reforms were planned, and money was liberally subscribed. Dr. White was elected the first president of the Association. To Professor Paul Cret of the University of Pennsylvania, and to Dr. Oglesby Paul, was entrusted the work of transformation. The chief of the Bureau of City Property offered any coöperation which did not involve expenditure. Philadelphia had no money to give, but was gratifyingly rich in goodwill.

It would have been hard to find a man, in or out of town, who knew less about landscape gardening than did Dr. White; but no one was better fitted to bring any enterprise to a successful close. Moreover, since

he had become a landed proprietor, he had gradually assumed the "nature hates a farmer" tone, common to his estate. It angered him when a transplanted tree languished and died, as it had angered him in the old days when a patient, who had been operated upon, gave up the fight for life. Locusts, he scornfully pronounced to be "weed trees," easy to grow and hard to kill; yet even locusts, planted with the nicest tenderness and care in Rittenhouse Square, took it upon themselves to assume delicacy of constitution, and withered away because he had an interest in their survival.

Yet when the time came for him to start on the long voyage around the world, it was to his country home that his affections clung. The mangel-wurzels had so far fulfilled Sargent's prediction, and cast their spell upon him. "I hated to say good-bye yesterday to the farm, and the horses, and the dogs," he wrote wistfully to Thomas Robins. "I was much flattered by learning that the farmer's second boy was in tears in the farmhouse on account of having said good-bye to me. Farmers and their families have been, in my experience, scarcely human, and this is both touching and encouraging."

Once on his way, the old adventurous spirit laid hold of him, and also the old assurance that what he was doing was the best thing in the world to do. Mrs. White was as unwearied a traveller as Sinbad, and

parting from the mangel-wurzels cost her no pang of regret. She was also better able to bear up under the depressing baseball news which followed them to Europe. The few hours spent at Gibraltar were overcast by a report that the Athletics had lost three out of their first five games. At Menaggio — "throwing a gloom over what would otherwise have been a very happy day" — came the melancholy tidings that they had been beaten in New York and in Cleveland. It was not until the tourists reached Athens in October that Dr. White's fears were permanently relieved. "As Letty came upstairs last night," he writes on the 16th, "she captured a Herald of the 10th, with the inspiring, uplifting, and exhilarating news of the eight to two score in our favour in the third game. We've now used three pitchers, and they've used six. I think it's a three to one bet on the Athletics. I'm surprised no one has cabled me."

It was inevitable that the diary kept this autumn and winter should be far more minute than those of earlier years. Turkey, India, China, and Japan offered fresh fields of adventure. Dr. White wanted to be less expansive, he would have liked to spare himself fatigue; but he simply did not know how. "I've got this d——d diary business so fixed on me that I can't tell when to stop," he wrote querulously from Greece. "I'm always thinking of my later, invalid, semi-senile years, when it will be the little things, the jokes,

the unimportant trifles, which will bring back the experiences I shall then be tremulously trying to recall. . . . I swear, however, I'm going to write less. It's an awful habit. When once it has you in its vice-like grip, only the iron will, and the determination and endurance of a Christian martyr can break it. But I've got them. So now you know."

Many of the descriptions of people and of places are marvellous in their vigour and veracity. What Dr. White looked at, he saw, and what he saw seemed to be indelibly impressed upon his memory. He accentuated every detail because he remembered every detail, and because he was not squeamish in delineation. In Venice, he and Mrs. White went to an evening party given by Mr. Anthony Drexel in the Palazzo Balbi Valier. It was an unusual assemblage, and there is a series of pen pictures in the diary, proving that no single personality was lost upon the attentive American. The guest who offered him the keenest diversion was the Marchesa ——, the daughter of an English Parliamentarian, who spent his life in finding fault with things as they were, and in taking his countrymen to task for their shortcomings.

"She deserves a page to herself. If it were a page of letter paper, it would make most of the clothes she wore. Her gown was of an X-ray sort, cut down and slit up, and I don't think she had on any underwear, though I did n't make sure. If she had been dressed

in a one-piece, cream-coloured, wet, close-fitting bathing-suit made of mosquito netting, she'd have been about as much clad. Her black hair was brought down in great curves to her eyebrows, and over her ears, out on her cheek, and down her neck. Her eyes were blacked, her lips scarlet, her face powdered, her cheeks rouged. She sat in a studied pose, holding a flower in her hand. During the singing she never changed her attitude except to roll her eyes at the man she was talking to, or to smell her flower, or to get a little mirror out of her hand-bag, look at herself, and touch up with powder and rouge. She may, of course, be a model mother and housewife, who mends her own clothes — it would n't take her long — and teaches the children their A, B, C's; but she is a corker for gall. How she ever made up her mind to wear that costume outside of her bath-room gets me."

No part of their stay in Egypt pleased the travellers half so well as a five days' ride through the desert. Their little caravan consisted of thirteen men, including Mahmoud the dragoman, eight camels, and Mahmoud's donkey. "I certainly am stuck on camels," comments Dr. White. "I always liked them, now I love them. They are so well fitted to their business, and know it, and attend to it. I think they are extremely intelligent. The Bedouins seem very kind to them. One boy cried yesterday morning because he thought they were overloading his special charge."

Next to the camels and the great stretches of sand, which filled his soul with a sort of ecstasy (he resented Lake Kerun and the green tract of the Fayoum as intrusions on their monotonous splendour), the doctor's heart went out to the Arab boys who walked with swift light strides alongside of their beasts. He envied them — being sixty-three — their supple youth and endurance. "They are all barefoot, and go over the pebbles and rocks without the least evidence of discomfort. My lad covered nineteen miles the first day, and eighteen miles the second, often running to keep up, chattering half the time, and minding it as much as Sam would mind a stroll around Rittenhouse Square."

India and China afford so many thrills, even to indifferent tourists, and breed in them such a lust for description, that people who stay at home are apt to resent any allusion to these amazing countries. "What I have seen I do not need to hear about, and what I have not seen I do not want to hear about," is the common and pardonable attitude of humanity. But there was something in Dr. White's frenzy of enthusiasm, united to his very unusual gift of narrative, which conquered the most reluctant reader and listener. Now and then interesting things happened to him, and he told about them in a forceful and amusing way. At Bombay he and Mrs. White were invited to visit the Gaekwar of Baroda, a very rich

and very powerful native prince, who had scandalized England and India by refusing to withdraw backwards from the presence of King George and Queen Mary when he came to offer fealty to his suzerain. He wheeled around and strode out of the audience hall as if he were every whit as good as a Hanoverian.

Dr. White, however, found him far from awe-inspiring. A short, stout, jovial Indian gentleman, very much interested in the United States (he had sent a son to Harvard), in physical education, and in Theodore Roosevelt. He presented his guests with his photograph, and entertained them with sports which began with trained parrots, progressed to wrestlers and acrobats, and wound up with fighting buffaloes and elephants. The most extraordinary thing about him was the extent of his useless possessions, ranging from a gold cannon which could n't be fired, and which was mounted on a silver gun-carriage, to the famous diamond, Star of the South, once the property of Napoleon the First, and valued at $1,200,000. Being the wealthiest ruler in India, the Gaekwar could afford unprofitable investments.

The sights which of all others in the East enthralled Dr. White's fancy were the Burning Ghats of Benares. The combination they presented of picturesqueness, loathsomeness, and unique rejection of the world's theories of sanitation, so fascinated the

American surgeon that he returned again and again, to spend hours in rapt contemplation of their horrors. It is impossible to quote more than half of a single morning's experience; but this is enough to show that he missed no detail, and spared none to his readers.

"Every Hindu is burned, — completely if the family can afford to buy enough wood, but partially anyhow, and, in Benares, the ashes or scraps are flung into the Ganges. It is a sanitary stream. What we actually saw, lying in our boat ten or twelve feet from the biggest of the ghats, beggars description. One body lay on a pile of logs, and was covered with wood, a single foot protruding. Another was wrapped in a shroud. A third we knew to be a woman by the red cloth that covered her. A fourth was a very pretty little girl with long hair. She was about seven or eight years old.

"While corpse number one was beginning to burn, and make a fine fat crackling, two men undressed the little girl, washed her with Ganges water, laid a strip of white cloth over her middle, and wrapped another around her. They then carried her up to the pyre built for her on a platform fifteen or twenty feet higher. By this time corpse number one was well under way. Now and then a toe from the protruding foot would burst, some melted grease would sputter and flare up in the fire, and there would be an un-

pleasant whiff. The men who sold fire-wood, the priests who say — for a consideration — when the auspicious moment has come for the application of the torch, the men who furnish the fire, the men who wash the bodies and put them on the pyres, all stood about joking and laughing, as well they might. They make their living by taking the petty coins — the pice, of which it takes two to make a cent — from the poorest people in the world who have any coins at all.

"While this was going on, ten yards away, at the foot of the next ghat — the Manikarnika — were many devotees scooping up the water that went from us to them (the Ganges flows to the north), sprinkling their heads with it, and drinking it out of their hands. Just at our feet an old hag was washing out the dirty sacking which had been the little girl's grave clothes. To our left, almost near enough to touch, a Pariah dog had made a great find. He was dragging from the water, up on the mud where he could eat at leisure, the remains of a body only half burned. It will be remembered that the poorest people are unable to buy enough wood to make a good job of it. They do the best they can, and what is not burned goes into the river. While the dog was at breakfast, and while the worshippers were drinking the water which came to them from his breakfast table, and from the old hag's laundry, and while

corpse number one was blazing merrily, a man appeared above with a lot of thin burning sticks in his hand. He walked five times around the body of the little girl, touching her head each time, and then set fire to her pyre. The men on the steps of the ghat were joking and laughing loudly. Nearby two boys were wrestling. At the further end of the steps, a long file of washerwomen went up with enormous baskets on their heads, carrying clothes that had just been cleaned in the same current that was running past the burning ghat, and the dog and his meal, and the old hag with the child's coarse shroud, down to the worshippers who were always there, one succeeding another, and always drinking.

"We pushed off and went with the stream, and, as we did so, we saw another contribution to the sacredness of the beverage. A new procession came down the river, but this time it was of dead animals, chiefly cats, swollen until they were as big as goats, and a donkey that looked like a young elephant. Mercy! what a thirst that must have given the devotees when they saw it!"

Christmas was spent on the train going to Rangoon, and there is this characteristic entry in the diary:

"If when I was a very small boy, getting up Christmas mornings in the dark, and catching croup by reading Christmas books in my nightshirt and bare feet, I could have seen myself riding across the plains

of Burmah, and going to golden pagodas, and staring at hundreds of gigantic idols, and shaven-headed Lamas with their chelas carrying their begging bowls, and crowds of black, yellow, and copper-coloured natives in robes of every hue of the rainbow, and priests ringing bells and beating gongs and burning incense, and flower-decked girls bowing before shrines, and all the picturesque and barbaric rest of it, — well, I'd have been delirious with delight."

In Colombo came word of Dr. Weir Mitchell's death. Two lines in a local paper announced the tidings; but even two lines in the Colombo press spell fame for a Philadelphia doctor; and it was bad news for the Philadelphian who read it.

After the "dear old ghats" of Benares, no spectacle afforded Dr. White a more acute interest than did the narrow streets of Canton, and the broad expanse of the Pearl River, with its hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, living and dying on the boats on which they were born. He delighted in the little painted pigs — blue and yellow and purple spots decorating their fat sides — which roamed unmolested through the byways; in the agile night watchmen who patrolled the roofs instead of the streets; in the sinister old Place of Execution, where more people have been put to death than on any equal area of the earth's surface. The Chinese children, who never begged, gave him the impression of good-humour, common

sense, and stability; and in the Chinese restaurants he was charmed with his own skill in using chop sticks, contrasting the ease and grace of his performance with the clumsiness of Mrs. White, who was sometimes reduced to the necessity of conveying her food to her mouth with her fingers.

The University of Pennsylvania Settlement in Canton impressed Dr. White profoundly. His former student and old acquaintance, Dr. Joseph McCracken, was at the head of the hospital, which was run by half a dozen graduates of the University Medical School. All of these men had married college graduates, and all were striving to accomplish herculean tasks with the scanty resources at their command. A codicil in Dr. White's will, bequeathing five thousand dollars to Dr. McCracken, or to his successor, for the use of the hospital, proves the practical nature of his regard. It was the old story of his undying interest in all things connected with his Alma Mater. He was ill when he reached Yokohama, and the doctors warned him against exposure; but he went in a blinding snow storm to Tokio, to attend a dinner given by the University of Pennsylvania Alumni Association of Japan.

"They were all Japs of course. There was a speech by Tosui Imadate, C.E. Class of 1879, laudatory of me, and welcoming me to Japan. There was a speech by me, laudatory of the University, and thanking

them for their welcome. There were many little speeches — most of them by me — and some interesting reminiscences."

To visit Japan in mid-winter is a hazardous experience. It insures discomfort, and it affords generous opportunities for disease. Dr. White tried to solace himself with the reflection that freshly fallen snow is as beautiful as blossoming cherry trees; but no æsthetic appreciation of the ice-bound scenery could keep the travellers warm. Nikko in February was as cosy as Lapland. They had soft coal fires in their grates, and in their worthless little Japanese stoves; they had brass vessels with smouldering charcoal embers over which to hold their frozen hands and feet; but the rooms remained "colder — much colder than Hell," and Dr. White speedily developed influenza. He had himself carried around to temples and mausoleums, he missed no sight that Nikko offered; but he was well aware of his own unutterable folly.

"If I had a patient as ill as I am, and he said: 'May I go out on a mountain-side among snow fields, walk on slushy paths, climb hundreds of ice-cold stone steps, stand around draughty, windy temples, sit down occasionally on a frozen board, and take off my shoes, and walk about in slippers for a half-hour, and then put congealed shoes on my frosted feet?' I'd reply: '*You* belong in Kirkbride's.'"

Fortunately the "distant sights," lakes, waterfalls, and the like, were all iced over or snowed under, and the roads leading to them were impassable, so they were left out of the programme.

The spring was well advanced when the travellers returned to their native land, and to their native town. There was a noisy demonstration of welcome at the Pennsylvania station. Dr. Martin had staged the show, and had engaged a band, so that the home-coming was a little like a Roman triumph. The students cheered, the engines puffed, the band brayed and fluted, and the few words which Dr. White tried to say were lost in the uproar. It was an animated scene.

The months that preceded the Great War were marked by unrest without prescience, and by a feeling of insecurity which had no sense of direction. In England, a wave of hysteria had swept women past the border line of sanity. They did strange deeds of violence, and their lawlessness was the childish and terrifying lawlessness of fanaticism. Among other pitiful and purposeless acts of destruction, they slashed Sargent's admirable portrait of Henry James, then hanging in the Royal Academy. Mr. James had written to Dr. White of his profound pleasure in this masterpiece, and of his desire to show it to his friend.

"Yes, J. S. S. has finished the loveliest portrait of me, the loveliest, but one, he has ever painted of any

mere male. It's just done, and will be doubtless varnished and framed by the time you come around to see it. I am quite ashamed to admire it as I do. It makes me feel as if I were smirking before the glass."

The connection between a portrait painted by an American artist of an American novelist and the extension of the British franchise was hard to trace. The picture was reported to be injured beyond redemption, and the peculiar inconsequence of the crime deepened the anger and disgust which were felt on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. James's regret over the "bloody gashes" was equalled by his delight when the canvas was so adroitly mended that not a cicatrice was visible. He was pleased, too, at the indignation expressed in the United States; and he suggested, with some show of reason, that the sympathy of his countrymen might find fitting expression in a more generous purchase of his books. Sargent wrote to Dr. White, sending him a photograph of the portrait, and telling him that it would be hung in its old place as soon as the restoration was completed. "It looked hopeless," he added, "as if several bombs had burst through it; but now there is no trace of the damage."

If Dr. White had not been the true Wandering Gentile, the summer of 1914 would have seen him recovering serenely from the excesses of his eight

months' journey, and contenting himself with country life, — until the breaking of the war-cloud destroyed the contentment of the world. But his habits were too firmly fixed to admit a change. He did a thing because he had always done it; and as he had always spent a portion of his summer at St. Moritz and Menaggio, he could not conceive the possibility of passing these months elsewhere. "On account of the threatened European war we were a trifle uneasy about sailing," he writes July 31st, "but had no serious thought of any derangement of our plans." He and Mrs. White were actually in New York, ready to sail on the Princess Irene, and they waited four days before realizing that the ship would never put to sea. By August 3d all hopes of peace had vanished, and, on the 4th, the relentless travellers — determined to go *somewhere* — started for Canada and Alaska. For over a month they pursued the beauties of nature at Banff, or dawdled through monotonous days on Alaskan waters, while, at home, men waited tensely hour by hour for news which, when it came, filled all hearts with apprehension. They were at Sitka the day that Aerschot was barbarously sacked; they watched a "panorama of mountains and forests" while the Germans entered Liége; they had reached Seattle when Louvain was fired. News came to them tardily, or not at all. They might have been sleeping beauties in the wood, so

remote they seemed from a world seething with horrors, and hatreds, and crimes which cried out to Heaven for vengeance. It was not until they returned home on the 12th of September that Dr. White awoke to the full and bitter realization of what was happening in Europe. From that hour until death struck him, he never ceased to work with all the vigour of his resolute nature for outraged civilization and humanity.

CHAPTER XI

THE GREAT WAR

"THE heart," says Lord Shaftesbury, "cannot remain neutral, but takes part constantly one way or the other." Individual neutrality was to Dr. White a form of mental and moral cowardice. He held that no rational being has a right to plead ignorance when knowledge is attainable, or to be indifferent to matters of right and wrong. Despite a temporary irritation at England's behaviour in the complicated business of the Panama Canal, his sympathies had always been soundly British and democratic. He could never have ranged himself with Imperial Germany, or with Austria, steeped to the lips in crime. The ultimatum to Serbia seemed to him the epitome of bullying; and the grossness with which the Central Powers disturbed the peace of Europe angered him, as it angered all law-abiding men. But it was the invasion of Belgium, and the ferocity of Germany's campaign in that unhappy land, which changed him from a moderate to an extreme partisan of the Allies. He was like a man who knows that behind closed doors a child is being butchered, a woman is being violated, and who cannot break through and interpose. To ask such a one to be neutral in deed is to cripple his man-

hood; to ask him to be neutral in thought is to bid him be accessory to sin.

Two things were made clear from the start to this acute, though not dispassionate, observer. He knew that the war was the greatest moral issue ever presented to a quibbling world; and he knew that it was from its first inception a logical and consistent expression of Germany's national creed. He saw it one and indivisible in every fresh development. The curious process by which the Teuton's warm apologists became in time half-hearted opponents had for him neither sense nor sincerity. He did not separate a conformable and harmonious whole into jarring phases. The sinking of the Lusitania, — Germany's whip-lash across our nation's face, the surpassing insolence of Count von Bernstorff and other officials, left him unchanged. He needed no fresh proof of German malevolence because he had never sought to deceive his own soul.

The amiable illusion of a good German people, misruled and misrepresented by a bad Prussian militarism, is, and has always been, foundationless. There was no class in Germany untainted by national avarice. One and all they were eager for the spoils of war. One and all they stood ready to defend any method by which these spoils might be secured. The German professors who lied glibly for their Kaiser, the German clergy who preached his bloody

doctrine from their pulpits, the German socialists who bent their supple knees, the German tradesmen and artisans from whose serried ranks no word of protest ever issued, the German women who shamed their sex by coarse insults to wounded prisoners, — what was there to condone in this nation-wide guilt? Dr. White wasted no sentiment upon a people who, if they had not ordered the war, gave to its every crime their full concurrence. He fought with the weapons at his command the poisonous propaganda tolerated and encouraged in the United States during the first months of the contest. The hectoring tone adopted by German-Americans, their threats, their treachery, and their violence, wounded his pride, and outraged his sense of decency. That they should have held us to be capable of cowardice, and incapable of understanding, was a double-barrelled affront he could never bring himself to pardon.

His first ardent hope was that he might be permitted to raise a corps of American surgeons who would work in the Allied ranks. He wrote to Dr. — now Sir William — Osler, and to the French ambassador, M. Jusserand, proffering his services. Pending their replies, he busied himself in preparing his "Primer of the War for Americans," and in collecting funds for the Louvain professors, who, after the destruction of their University and of their homes, had fled to England, and found a temporary

refuge in Oxford. Osler had written to him early in October, begging him to interest himself in these victims of German barbarity. "We have here now seven or eight Belgian professors and their families. Many of them are charming people, and some are destitute. If you can squeeze a few hundred dollars out of any of your friends, we shall be much obliged."

Dr. White squeezed five thousand dollars with such amazing ease and rapidity that the first cheque reached Oxford on October 28th. By that time the number of professors had increased to fifteen, and there were twenty more in Cambridge. The Rockefeller Foundation proffered help. "What an angel you are!" Osler wrote his friend. "It is perfectly splendid. I wish you could look in here, and see how comfortably Grace [Lady Osler] and young Mrs. Max Müller have settled these people. Our house is nothing but a junk shop. We have packing cases arriving every week, and our drawing-room is now a sewing-room for the wives of the professors, most of whom are making baby clothes. They are an extraordinary lot."

So many cares and labours engrossed the great Canadian doctor's time, and so many difficulties beset his path, that it was a relief to turn to Dr. White for sympathy and support. "I am trying to stir up the anti-typhoid inoculation," he wrote in October, "and have been addressing open-air meet-

ings of the men in camps. I wish you could have seen us at the King Edward Horse Camp, near Slough. I spoke to the soldiers from beside a big oak tree, they sitting about on the ground, and afterwards all the officers were inoculated as an example. Those sons of Belial, the 'antis,' have been preaching against it."

In November Dr. White went to Washington to receive an honorary fellowship in the American College of Surgeons. It was the only break in a breathless month. He was working hard on his "Primer of the War for Americans," and harder still to raise money and collect supplies for the Philadelphia ward of the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris. The "Primer" was published in early December. In his brief preface to this brief handbook he stated that he began it to clarify his own thoughts, to ascertain distinctly his own convictions, and his reasons for cherishing them. Twelve plain questions are plainly answered. "Wherever my answers have involved matters of fact, I have taken pains to attain accuracy. When they have related to matters of opinion, I have endeavoured to give the basis for such opinions."

The book, with its many apt and illustrative quotations, is clear, incisive, and systematic. Germany has been, from start to finish, so amazingly liberal in furnishing evidence against herself, she has talked so loudly and so blatantly, that she can be, and has

been, condemned out of her own mouth.[1] Dr. White's brochure is in no wise comparable to such masterly arraignments as "The Evidence in the Case," and "The War and Humanity," works of weight and eloquence, which made clear to thousands of American readers the tortuous diplomacy of the Central Powers, and the depth and breadth of their brutality. Its author had neither Mr. Beck's knowledge of international law, nor his skill in marshalling arguments; but he made his appeal in straightforward, manly fashion to the decency and justice of a world which had witnessed the supreme frightfulness of vandalism.

The "Primer" was well received by the American press, upon which Dr. White placed an unshaken reliance, went through three American editions, had a fair sale in England, and was translated into five languages by the Publicity Committee of the British Foreign Office. That it made its way to remote allies is evidenced by a long and able review which appeared in the "North-China Daily News," printed in Shanghai, February 2d. Two weeks after its publication, Dr. White was at work on "Germany and Democracy," a reply to the amazing statements of Dr. Dernburg, one of the most active and vociferous members of the Kaiser's "foreign legion." It seems incredible now that these publicists, press agents, and professors, so liberally paid to undermine the

[1] William Roscoe Thayer: *Out of Their own Mouths.*

honour and honesty of the United States, should have been encouraged to spread their propaganda throughout the land. Many of them were plotting shamelessly against our trade and our safety, and some succeeded in doing us grievous harm; but a credulous and bewildered people could not be brought to believe in such duplicity. Herr Heinrich Friedrich Albert told us strange tales of Belgian inhumanity to Germans. Dr. Dernburg, relying too securely on our ignorance, told us of France's violation of Belgium's neutrality, and of her attempted invasion of the Fatherland. What wonder that in this *monde bestourné* there were men who did not know whether the wolf was eating the lamb, or the lamb was eating the wolf; whether St. George or the dragon was defending assaulted humanity. M. Jusserand pointed out in a very amusing letter to Dr. White the discrepancies in two of Dr. Dernburg's articles which were published simultaneously. The worthy Teuton did not mind giving himself the lie. It was part of his profound contempt for the intelligence of the American periodicals which sought his words, and of the American public which read them.

Dr. White wrote the pamphlet, "Germany and Democracy," wholly and entirely that he might have the pleasure of proving Dr. Dernburg's mendacity. He called in my help, and I was glad to give it; but the speed and fury with which he worked left

a collaborator toiling far behind. It was my first intimate acquaintance with his literary methods. He wrote three fourths of the pamphlet rather than wait for me to do my share. I could no more have kept pace with him in composition than I could have climbed a mountain by his side.

His championship of France and England won him many enemies. Hyphenated Americans and pacifists united in assailing him, and agitated ladies wrote letters to newspapers, deploring the violence of his language. Ex-Governor Pennypacker, a warm sympathizer with Germany's aims and methods, criticised him bitterly in an address to the German Society of Pennsylvania, and the audience howled its reprobation every time his name was mentioned. A Germanic Sherlock Holmes divulged this dreadful secret: "I hear from good authority that Professor White is the closest friend of Lord Treuves, the physician of King George, and visits him frequently. Now may I ask Professor White what it was worth to him to be persuaded by his friends, George and Treuves, to stir up Americans by false and lying misstatements? May I ask what was the price?"

So persistent was this abuse that it became one of Dr. Martin's cherished pastimes to call his friend up on the telephone, and in guttural German accents, which deceived the listener for a moment, threaten him with dire retribution. "The Little Brothers of

Germany," to use a phrase of Mr. Chapman's, were so loud-voiced in 1915 that one wonders their silence in 1917 did not choke them. Month after month an ever-increasing list of savageries made more difficult their defence of the fatherland. The wisest of them fell back once and for all upon the solid support of General von Disfurth's pronouncement: "Germany stands as the supreme arbiter of her own methods, which must be dictated to the world."

From Henry James, to whom Dr. White had sent the pamphlets, came an incandescent letter of delight and relief. "With passion I desire that those who surround you should range themselves intelligently on the side of civilization and humanity against the most monstrous menace that has ever, since the birth of time, gathered strength for an assault upon the liberties, the decencies, the pieties and fidelities, the whole liberal, genial, many-sided energy of our race."

Sargent, painting tranquilly in the Dolomites when the war-bomb burst upon the world, had been caught without passport, without money, and with "every symptom of being a spy." He made his difficult way back to England; and James wrote to Dr. White in the early spring that a noble desire to be of service had driven the emancipated painter back to the work he had forsaken.

"You will no doubt have seen how, at a great

auction-sale of artistic treasures sent by the benevolent for conversion into Red Cross money, Sir Hugh Lane bid two thousand pounds for an empty canvas of John's, to be covered by the latter with the portrait of a person chosen by Lane. What a luxury to be able to resolve one's genius into so splendid a donation! It is n't known yet who is to be the paintee, but that's a comparatively insignificant detail."

On March 4th, Dr. White was able to announce that he would sail in June with the surgeons, physicians, and nurses chosen from the staff of the University of Pennsylvania to take charge of the hundred and eighty beds consigned to their care in the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris. His first plan of raising a corps of army surgeons had been frustrated by the reluctance of the Allied Powers, of France especially, to admit the American doctors into their service. He therefore turned his time and attention to the one hospital he could help, and which was always in need of assistance. A month before his public announcement, he wrote to Tom Robins that the generous response of the public kept pace with all demands.

"We have now opened a Philadelphia ward of forty beds in the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris — the very best ward hospital in Europe — and have the money to support it for six months. We are trying to get enough money for a year, and are

within $7000 of it. The fund for the University representation must, however, be entirely separate, as people of all affiliations, including some of the Jefferson men, have been active in raising the general fund.

"Pennsylvania must do, not only good work, but work which will compare well with whatever is done by the Western Reserve and by Harvard. Dr. Crile is over there now with an entire floor of a hundred and fifty beds under his care. He took with him a party of twelve, at a cost of eleven or twelve thousand dollars. His term of service includes January, February and March. Harvard has secured April, May and June. I accepted in behalf of Pennsylvania for July, August and September, trusting that in some way I should secure the funds.

"Jim Hutchinson will go and take his assistant. I shall pay my expenses, and Jim will pay his; but the younger men and the nurses, while willing to give their services, and run whatever risk there is about it, have no money to spend on themselves."

On the 8th of May came word of the sinking of the Lusitania. It was an event which harmonized with Germany's avowed principles, and fulfilled her avowed intentions. She went as mad with delight when the deed was done as if it had been dauntless and dangerous. The immediate result in Great Britain was a hardening of the national fibre, a conviction that it

was better to die fighting than to yield to a power capable of such inhumanity. In the United States, German-American societies, and their affiliated Irish-American societies, received the news with delight, and cheered the drowning of American women and children. Pacifists, like Henry Ford, sprang to speech, assuring us we had nothing to resent. We were officially bidden to be calm. Twelve months after the crime was committed, the American Rights Committee was refused permission to hold a Memorial meeting in New York. It seemed for a time as though the dead were dishonoured by our indifference, as though Germany were right in her calculation that we would take her blow kneeling. Yet none the less that wholesale and cowardly murder of noncombatants was her death-warrant. Americans neither forgot nor forgave. There smouldered in the heart of the nation a fire which gave little outward token of its intensity, but which slowly and steadily burned its way to the surface, and burst into a flame that purified the land.

To Dr. White, this supreme act of piracy was the natural and inevitable outcome of all that had gone before. When Dr. William H. Furness wrote to him: "Don't you believe that now, with the sinking of the Lusitania, we can say, as did my grandfather when Fort Sumter was fired on, 'The long agony is over'?" he had no answer to give. The agony was eating into

his soul. Every month that Germany was suffered to flaunt her foulness in the face of civilization was a month of painful endurance. Like many other Americans, he sought what comfort he could find in the hardest of hard work. As the sailing of the University contingent drew near, he had no hour which he could rightly call his own; but when he was urged to prepare a new and enlarged edition of the "Primer," which should deal with more recent conditions and events, he took up the task, and toiled at it day and night with that concentrated intensity which so perilously consumed his strength.

The "Text-Book of the War for Americans" is a closely printed volume of five hundred pages, showing signs of the haste with which it was compiled, and lacking the coherence of the earlier pamphlet. Its heaped-up evidence makes it valuable as a book of reference. Its transparent honesty, the hatred for cruelty, and contempt for cowardice, which kindled every page, gave it weight in that sad season of doubt and indecision. It was one of the forces which helped to strengthen our sense of moral obligation, and prompted us to the great sacrifice.

Having launched this last offensive against German barbarism, Dr. White's whole attention was turned to his approaching departure. For the first time in twenty-seven years he was to sail without Mrs. White, believing that conditions were too

dangerous to warrant a woman's crossing the sea unless she had definite and useful work to do. It was a sane and unselfish decision, because he knew that he wanted her companionship; but what he did not know was how much he was going to want it as the solitary months sped by. To all reporters and newspaper men he made this clear statement: "I should like it fully understood that Dr. James P. Hutchinson is assuming the chief responsibility for operative work. As a surgeon, I am now a back number. Moreover I have tasks to do in England this summer, and at home next autumn. I shall therefore return when I have been of all possible use, leaving the ward in the exceptionally able hands of Dr. Hutchinson."

The surgeons sailed June 12th, on the St. Louis. Dr. White's diary bears testimony to the comprehensive dirt and discomfort of the ship, as well as to the intelligence and friendliness of the passengers. There were several Canadian officers on board, and they gave him the benefit of their experiences. One of them told him he had seen the body of a two-year-old Belgian child, a little girl, pierced by a lance, and hung naked on a meat-hook in a butcher's window. The incident was no worse than countless other incidents in Germany's campaign. It was not so bad as many things that happened daily. But Dr. White loved children, and the image of that little brutalized body, exposed as a legitimate joke to appreciative

German eyes, destroyed his peace of mind. He wrote about it in a white heat of grief and rage to Effingham Morris. He never forgot it while he lived.

The week spent in London was crowded with social happenings. "Of course I had lots of old friends here," wrote the doctor to Provost Smith, "but now I seem to have hundreds of new ones." He lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, and warmly admired General Henderson, Chief of the British Aviation Corps, who was one of the guests. He dined with Anthony Hope, and was amused, though not unduly dazzled, by Mr. Wells. He dined with Mr. Fisher Unwin, who was publishing the English edition of the "Text-Book," and spent a burning hour in discussing the Lusitania with Sir Sidney Lee. More happily he dined with Sargent and Henry James, and the three friends had what James called "a perfect orgy of indiscretion." Sargent wrote to Mrs. White, assuring her he was looking after her "absconding husband" to the best of his ability, though it was no easy matter to keep track of any one so popular. James wrote to her that he also was engaged in this pious duty, and was fulfilling it "with a zeal and tenderness which you and Miss Repplier rolled into one could n't surpass. . . . William has done more than he came for," added this affectionate chronicler, "and his ability and effect will now be splendidly enhanced. He is the delight

of our circle, besides being that of other circles in which we do not presume to feel that we move."

Those were dark days for the Allies. Germany was putting forth her utmost strength, and displaying her utmost ruthlessness. Her arrogance kept even pace with her resourcefulness. She challenged the civilized world to stay her hand. Dr. White, temperamentally hopeful, but beset by heavy fears, was strengthened in spirit by this visit to England, and by the tenacity of purpose he beheld on every side. He summed up his convictions the night before his departure in the following characteristic paragraph:

"I am leaving London, depressed as to the immediate outcome of the war, but not as to its final results. The British are still making mistakes. Some of them — not a few — are hardly awake yet to their own danger. But they are all splendid in one thing. They don't brag or blow about it. They don't talk about it much. But they have n't the slightest idea of being beaten *finally*. They intend to win if they have to finish the war ten years from now, and alone. They believe (as they have a right to believe) in the justice of their cause. They believe (as they have a right to believe) that they and their Allies are fighting, not their own battles only, but the battles of every civilized nation, of every real democracy. They think, though they don't say it in so many words, that this moral supremacy over their enemies, this

innermost consciousness that they are defending humanity at large, is bound to have more and more weight as time goes on, and that it will sooner or later become overwhelming in its influence."

In Paris, Dr. White spent most of his time at the American Ambulance Hospital. It was inevitable that he should now regret (as Treves had bitterly regretted) his retirement from surgical practice. "I wish I had n't stopped operating some years ago," he wrote to Mr. Edward B. Smith. "I make myself of what use I can, and I try to preserve my self-respect by remembering that I assumed at once the responsibility for accepting the offer to come over, that I effected the organization, and — with your help — the financing of this unit."

His admiration for the bearing of the wounded soldiers was unbounded. That brilliant playwright, Hubert Henry Davies, who nursed for months in a London Hospital, recorded his conviction that "the nearest thing on earth to an angel is the British Tommy." Dr. White stood ready to say as much for the Poilu. "Men and officers," he wrote to Mr. Smith, "I never saw such a cheerful, contented, hopeful lot. Some of them shot half to pieces, but never a grumble or complaint. It's wonderful. Their chief anxiety seems to be to get back to the front again."

The diary bears the same testimony to this unvarying heroism. "A finer, more uncomplaining,

more cheerful lot of men I've never seen. They really are splendid, and their readiness to go back to that Hell from which they have escaped with their bare lives is amazing."

The hospital itself satisfied all the requirements of this exacting critic. He has nothing but praise for surgeons, doctors, nurses, and attendants. "I am glad," he wrote, "to have something that, as an American, I can be proud of. We are now settled and hard at work, with a hundred and eighty to two hundred wounded in our care. The organization of our unit is excellent. I have no fear but that the results will compare favourably with those of preceding units."

To Thomas Robins he repeats the same enthusiasms and the same regrets. "The hospital takes a large part of each day, though I do no real surgical work, and sometimes feel like a senile, decrepit, doddering old ass, who ought to be dozing away my last days in Philadelphia, instead of being here where everything is war, war, war. But it's *fine*, — and the finest thing of all is the cheerfulness, and optimism, and unquenchable ardour of the poor fellows who have been shot to pieces. They *never* grumble, and they all want to get back to the front."

The five Philadelphia wards, with eight and ten beds in each ward, gave him especial satisfaction. He has much to say of their inmates. One of them was a

young French surgeon with the rank of lieutenant. He had been tending the wounded during a bombardment, and heard the groans of a Zouave lying, hurt and helpless, in No Man's Land. He called for volunteer stretcher-bearers, and went to the rescue under a Red Cross flag, which immediately drew a well-directed fire from the enemy (a Red Cross is to a German what a red scarf is to a bull), with the result that the Zouave and the four bearers were killed, and the surgeon badly wounded. He managed to crawl back to shelter, and was then wearing the *croix de guerre*, as a reward of his fruitless valour.

There were weekly entertainments at the hospital for the amusement of convalescents, and the array of talent they presented was rich in variety. On one occasion Dr. White heard the baritone of a Buenos Aires Opera company, some French actresses from the Opéra Comique, and Anna Held, who sang "Tipperary" three times because the wounded men could not get enough of it, but begged for it again and again.

When not in the hospital, the doctor wandered about his old haunts in Paris, went to some public dinners, heard some amazingly dull speeches (he failed to understand how they could be so dull under such circumstances), and spent a few happy hours with Edith Wharton. Their mutual affection for Henry James, their mutual admiration for Theodore

Roosevelt, gave them grounds for sympathy; and to find his views so keenly and comprehensively shared by this most distinguished of American women was a very great delight to her compatriot.

Two things he ardently desired, two favours he asked and obtained. He was permitted to make an ascent in a French military biplane (an experience less common then than now), and he was permitted to visit "the front." For the first adventure he was consigned to the care of M. Caudron, *constructeur d'aéroplanes*, who professed his pleasure at being able to oblige so good a friend of the Allies and of Mr. Roosevelt. A biplane was placed at his service, a young pilot was assigned to him, a heavy coat, a cap and goggles were lent him, and in a driving storm he circled Paris, and flew up and down the Seine. "I never did want to be a chauffeur, but I certainly should like to be an aviator," he writes in the diary; "and if I could drop a few bombs on the Rhine bridges, and the Krupp Works, and Potsdam, and Unter den Linden, it would be delirious happiness."

On the 20th of July he visited Rheims, then under heavy bombardment, and, as it chanced, he had the benefit of a particularly lively morning. In an hour and a half, more than five hundred shells, costing at an easy estimate nine thousand dollars, were rained upon the town. "Every few seconds there would be a dull roar, then almost instantly the scream or

shriek of a shell overhead, and then another closer shattering roar, as it struck and exploded. Sometimes there was no shriek between the first — distant — roar, and the second — close — one. This meant that the shell was a No. 130 (130 millimètres in diameter) which is the smallest the Huns usually employ, and which goes at so high a velocity that it reaches its aim and bursts, before the sound it makes in the air has time to strike the ear. The 150 and 210 millimètres do not travel so fast."

By afternoon the firing ceased, and Dr. White was given an opportunity to see the havoc it had wrought. The devastated Cathedral had been, as usual, the principal target for the guns. The centre window of one of the chapels in the apse, the third from the south transept, had been blown in. The altar lay crumbled into fragments. There was a hole four feet deep and ten feet in diameter in the Cathedral yard. The buildings that surrounded it had sunk more completely into ruin. Throughout the city there were rubble heaps that had been homes at sunrise. A dozen townspeople, most of them women, lay dead under humble roofs. Nine thousand dollars' worth of frightfulness had done its appointed work.

A week later Dr. White went to Boulogne, then in the war zone, where he had permission to remain for several days, and where he was the only civilian in the hotel. The second day, Colonel Sir George Makins

motored him to St. Omer, the headquarters of the British army, which was being intermittently shelled, and to the Clearing Hospital, No. 10 (in Belgium), where he saw some three hundred men — shot and burned — who had been brought in from the field hospitals that morning. The desire of his heart was to get into Ypres, but there seemed little likelihood of its fulfilment, until by rare good fortune he encountered Captain R. J. C. Thompson, "ex-football player, ex-officer in the Egyptian army, and a good fellow without any ex," who was in command of a motor ambulance convoy, and who promised that, if the doctor would dine and spend the night at the farm which was his headquarters, he would motor him into Ypres at dusk.

The alacrity with which this offer was accepted can be well imagined. It was a "hot night," — not so registered by the thermometer, but in the British lines, where an attack upon the enemy's trenches was under way. Sir George and Major Irvine accompanied Captain Thompson and Dr. White; and the party reached Ypres in time to see by the waning light that picture of uttermost desolation. There were ruined streets, and the battered walls of the Cathedral, and broken bits of masonry that had once been part of the incomparably beautiful Cloth Hall, marked by the Germans (as they marked the Cathedral of Rheims) for complete destruction. Shells

whizzed above their heads, and one of them bursting perilously close, showered dirt and rubble over the incautious visitors. "If Ypres ever again becomes a city," wrote Dr. White, "it will have to be rebuilt as completely as if no town had ever stood there. How many hundreds of thousands of shells it took to accomplish this demolition, only God and the Huns know. They'll probably say they fired six shells to dislodge a Belgian observer from the roof of the Cathedral."

After making this melancholy round, the doctor was taken to the nearest field hospital, where sadder sights awaited him. The fight was going on between Ypres and Hooge; and all night long came an endless file of wounded British soldiers, some unconscious on stretchers, some hideously burned by liquid fire (Germany's latest invention), some walking feebly. "One chap, who ought himself to have been tenderly and carefully carried, had the arm of another, worse hurt, around his neck, the two of them barely able to crawl." All were indomitable, uncomplaining, brave, cheerful, and grateful. "Think of a poor fellow with his head bound up in a blood-stained bandage, a hand and arm riddled with shell splinters, his face so covered with clotted blood mixed with dirt that it looked like a mask, — think of that man waiting his turn to be dressed, and actually grinning as he said: 'Our artillery are doin' fine. They've got

the range of their trenches to a foot. Every time one of our shells struck, I saw four or five of the swine goin' up in the air, and in pieces, too.' — I could have kissed him, blood and dirt and all."

For hours and hours Dr. White stayed in that field hospital, admiring the speed and precision with which the British surgeons did their work, the order and cleanliness which reigned in such rough quarters, the unvarying heroism of the wounded. And every hour his desire to help grew stronger. It was dreadful to stand there idle, while those other men, worn and spent, saw the work ahead of them exceed their utmost powers. Finally he could bear it no longer, and made a tentative offer of his services. But it might not be. Even in those cruel straits, even in that welter of blood and agony, red tape bound the official world. Dr. Hays, the surgeon in charge, grinned pleasantly, but would accept no aid; and Sir George explained later that to have done so "would have been subversive of discipline and a bad precedent." "I understand, and agree as to principle," wrote Dr. White wistfully; "but I think that if I could have gotten to work, I might have helped to save some lives."

By the 4th of August he was back in London, and attended the great anniversary service at St. Paul's, objecting characteristically to the sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury, because it was

"mixed up with religion." On the 7th he went to Sir William Osler's at Oxford. There was a houseful of guests of various nationalities, but not a neutral soul among them; and the talk had a quality of insight, and a sustained intensity of feeling, which suited his own angry and heroic mood. The only amusing thing he had to relate was a story told him by Osler of King Edward showing a photograph of himself to Lord Salisbury, and asking, "What do you think of that?" Salisbury, always unobservant and absent-minded, regarded it with a pitying eye. "Poor old Buller!" he said, "I wonder if he really is as stupid as he looks."

One task Dr. White set himself to perform in England. Henry James had asked for British citizenship, and, believing the matter to be of no interest or concern to the public, had declined, save for a few lines to the "Times," to give any reasons for his action. He would not even discuss the subject among friends, being always reticent about his own affairs. The doctor, however, felt that some statement should be made, and as nothing would induce Mr. James to make it, he valiantly asked for and obtained permission to send a communication to the "Spectator." In this brief analysis he outlined the events of the past year, the repeated violation of American rights by Germany, the repeated insults and injuries suffered by Americans at the hands of a nation which took a brutal delight in flouting them.

It was, he asserted, no lack of loyalty to American ideals which had actuated Mr. James, but a desire to line up with the fighting people, with those who were doing their level best to save an assaulted world. It was his sense of individual responsibility in a great moral crisis, when every man must stand for right or wrong. The "Spectator" printed Dr. White's commentary without elimination, and added a line of its own, courteous, temperate, and sane. Sargent wrote to Mrs. White that he was glad the word which needed to be said had been well said. Mr. James maintained a suave silence. There was no need for him to speak.

On August 20th that venerable dining-club, the "Kinsmen," gave a dinner in honour of Dr. White, — a brilliant affair, although the chairman, Sir Sidney Lee, had forgotten a number of people who should have been asked, and had given wrong dates to others. The men of letters who had succeeded in being present were full of friendly feeling for their guest. There were but three speeches, Sir Sidney's, Dr. White's, and a very good one from Sir Alfred Keogh, Surgeon-General of the British Army. Whatever pleasure Dr. White might have had in the entertainment was hopelessly marred by the news which had just reached London of the shameful sinking of the Arabic. She was an unarmed ship, westward bound, carrying civilians only, and no munitions. She was torpedoed without notice, and sank in eleven

minutes. Two Americans were reported to be missing. What wonder that the American who sat at an English board was heavy of heart and speech. His countrymen at home were every whit as sorrowful.

Upon one point he was determined. The sinking of the Arabic should not prevent him from returning, as he had planned, on the Adriatic. The St. Paul sailed the same day; but, apart from the fact that his experience of the St. Louis had inspired him with a reasonable distaste for the American line, he felt very keenly that to change his ship would be a personal surrender of his principles, and of his just demands. Mr. Bryan's advice to Americans, to avoid the risk of British vessels, rankled in his breast. He hated everything which could be construed into submission to Germany's insolent dictates. "It seems to me," he writes in the diary, "that it is now the duty of Americans, if they are unaccompanied by women and children, to insist on the rights of safe travel at sea on merchant ships. These rights their country should secure for them. Every man who does so insist is, to that extent, an example to others."

The Adriatic would have been a rich haul for submarines. Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, General Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defence, Sir Herbert Holt, President of the Royal Bank of Canada, and Colonel Carrick were among the passengers. There was also a "dear little Cana-

dian girl of three" for Dr. White to play with. The child's father was in command of a cavalry regiment. Her baby brother and her grandmother had been lost on the Lusitania. With such companions, and with the creature comforts which, it must be confessed, the doctor valued highly, the voyage was a singularly agreeable one. He was glad to be nearing home. The summer had been brimful of honours and adventures ("bombarded towns, and toppling houses, and shells blazing all around me were new and thrilling experiences," he wrote to Edward Smith); but there had also been lonely hours in which he knew too well what was wanting. The last page of his London diary contains a candid, and most unusual, avowal of error.

"I made one mistake, — not bringing Letty with me. Against it, however, must be urged her freedom from all risk — especially now — and also the opportunities I've had (which her affection might have prevented) of learning much from actual experience, which ought to make me able to think straighter, write better, and altogether be more useful to the cause as long as the war continues. That helps to balance the account, though it does n't console me in hours like these for her absence. If I had realized how much I should miss her, I'd have let her take all the risks and come along. So there's a frank confession of having, for once, been wrong."

CHAPTER XII

THE END

WHEN Dr. White returned from this exciting and exhausting summer, he was, though he did not know it, an ill man. He was not prepared to make any concession to his increasing weakness and pain. He attributed them to fatigue, to exposure, to prolonged immersion in his swimming-pool during the warm September days, to rheumatism, to neuralgia, to any and everything except the ineradicable disease which his physicians recognized, but were unwilling to name. His courage was undaunted, his energies unclogged. It seems grotesque that, after his great experiences in Europe, his months of high adventure, he should have been immediately engulfed by an academic tempest which attracted more attention than it deserved, and consumed more time and strength than should have been wasted upon it. But anything to be done for the University of Pennsylvania was to him worth doing, and the University had involved itself in a particularly lively row by summarily dismissing an instructor in the Wharton School of Finance, on the charge of incendiary language to his students.

The incident gained importance from the fact that

faculties and alumni all over the country were sharply resenting the arbitrary measures of college presidents and trustees. The University was accused of suppressing academic freedom of speech. All the space in Philadelphia papers, which was not taken up by war news, was given over to earnest colloquies upon this little local *cause célèbre*. The New York press devoted august attention to the matter. The "Tribune" opined that scant confidence could be placed in the sincerity of a college which sought to muzzle its teachers. The "New Republic" likened Dr. Scott Nearing (the inflammatory instructor) to Martin Luther, nailing his thesis to the church door. The "Sun," always inclined to skepticism, pointed out that, while the telling of unwelcome truths is right and praiseworthy, the presentation, as truths, of points which are open to doubt, is less deserving of esteem. "Life" was of the opinion that a salaried official is bound by the conditions of his employment, and that a man who desires untrammelled liberty of speech ought not to hire himself out to an organized institution with a responsible directorate.

Echoes of this commotion had reached Dr. White in Paris, and he confided both to his diary and to Thomas Robins that the episode was assuming "preposterous proportions." He doubted the wisdom of the dismissal, and he doubted the wisdom of the dismissed. When he returned home, and was called

upon to defend his assaulted Alma Mater, he found himself in a curious and difficult position. He was, and he had been all his life, enamoured of free speech. He was, and he had been all his life, intolerant of foolish talk. He had no respect for orthodoxy, but a great deal for the settled order of society. He loved bold and outspoken views, but he valued common sense above all things. It was a divided allegiance.

For these reasons, perhaps, there is an unwonted gentleness in his vindication of the trustees, published in the "Old Penn Weekly Review." Like Carlyle, he was always disposed to stand for men rather than for measures; but he recognized that many of Dr. Nearing's adherents stood for measures rather than for men. With them it was a matter of abstract principle, and they were wholly indifferent to the man who represented the principle they upheld. With him it was a matter of practical expediency, and all that concerned him was the fitness or unfitness of this particular man to be a teacher of youth.

Dr. Nearing had announced that, having served three weeks on a jury, he had left the panel with his faith in courts and the law "utterly destroyed." This was to Dr. White a matter of no moment. He did not care a rap what Dr. Nearing believed or disbelieved, nor by what process of elimination he had reached his conclusions; but he objected to the immature

student mind being muddled with crude revolutionism on the strength of this somewhat inconclusive evidence. Dr. Nearing's hostility to "private wealth" neither interested nor repelled him; but he failed to see its place, as a basis for instruction, in a School of Finance.

The paper of ten thousand words, in which Dr. White analyzed and defended the action of the trustees, was the last piece of sustained work he ever did. Dr. Nearing was called to the University of Toledo, where he had a brief and stormy career. The entrance of the United States into the war tested him, as it tested better men, and proved of what metal he was made. He was indicted under the Espionage Act for obstructing government measures. The ranks of pro-German pacifism opened to receive him, and in its friendly arms he found his comfort and support.

Throughout the autumn, letters and reviews praising the English edition of the "Text-Book" followed Dr. White over the sea. The "Spectator" said truly that its author was, if not a leader, at least a "challenger of opinion." Lord Sydenham, who still cherished the generous vision of good Germans, untainted by militarism, dwelling in some unknown corner of the Fatherland, wrote that he hoped these blameless anchorites would read the "Text-Book," and be enlightened. Mr. James's congratulations related chiefly to the safe passage of the Adriatic,

which had relieved his heart of a heavy load of care. "I see," he wrote, "the glory of your return only bedimmed a little by damnably dreary things; the Arabic, the Hesperian, the offensive ass of a Dumba, and the so zealously co-operating knave of a Bernstorff."

At home, Dr. White was called upon so often to gratify public curiosity that he lived his life in a state of perpetual siege. Moreover, the Great War had brought to him, as to thousands of his countrymen, new sets of sympathies and estrangements; it had made and unmade friendships and enmities. Nothing seemed the same, because nothing was the same, while Europe rocked in the blast. Social intercourse was dominated by this overwhelming fact. No other points of agreement or disagreement counted in the scale.

Two years before the war, Dr. White, indignant at "Life's" travesties of the medical profession, and at its insistent vilification of Colonel Roosevelt, — whom it always pursued in a spirit of sustained hostility, — dropped his subscription, and refused to allow the paper to enter his house. He wrote to the editors a frank and not unfriendly letter, giving them his reasons for this step, and also his reasons for telling them why he took it. "I do not suppose," he said, "that either my subscription or my opinion is of any importance to you; but I have a feeling of regard

for 'Life' which leads me, in parting from it, to make some explanation, as I should do if — for what appeared to me a good cause — I decided to drop the acquaintance of a man who had once been a friend."

"Life" published this letter with the following graceful comment: "On the contrary, the loss of an intelligent reader is always important to 'Life,' and doubly important when we lose an old friend because of a difference of opinion."

The years sped by, and the war was fourteen months old when Dr. White wrote again to "Life," asking that the quarrel should be made up. The paper's courageous unneutrality, its defence of human and civilized justice, its unremitting attacks upon German propaganda, had won his heart. "Life," he said, might continue to call doctors quacks, and Colonel Roosevelt an impostor. He would summon his philosophy, and utter no word of protest. He would remain, even under such provocation, its enthusiastic admirer, and its grateful debtor. He asked humbly to be restored to the subscription list. After all, what did anything matter save the supreme struggle between right and wrong on the battle-fields of Europe?

This letter established the last friendship of his life. Mr. Edward Sandford Martin answered it at length, admitting his own share of guilt, but claiming absolution, because events had remodelled his standards,

as they had remodelled the standards of many honest men. All the staff of "Life," he said, were wild with enthusiasm over France (the paper's editorials had proved this much), and all were ready for war. They were even then planning the famous "John Bull" number, — a heartfelt, humorous, noble tribute to Britain's matchless valour. Mr. Martin's unshaken belief that the war would end, not only aright, but so very well as to have been worth its cost, was a tonic to Dr. White's mind, and balm to his soul. There was a power of vision in Mr. Martin which strengthened many minds and souls. Saint Michael could no more have doubted his final victory over Lucifer, Saint George could no more have doubted his final victory over the dragon, than this New York gentleman could have doubted the final victory of France and Britain over Germany. "This is a world of promise beyond all the promise of a thousand years," he wrote prophetically; "a world in which whoever is strong in the faith may hope everything that saints foresaw, or martyrs died to bring."

All this time Dr. White was raising money for the Philadelphia Wards of the American Ambulance Hospital, and all this time he was fighting the disease which manifested itself more pitilessly day by day. He lingered in the country until November, and was then brought back to town, the wreck of his old gay, dominant self. By the close of the month a second

sum of fifteen thousand dollars had been sent to Paris. "Let me take this opportunity," he said in his announcement, "of reiterating and emphasizing my former statement, made after weeks of personal observation of the workings of the hospital, — namely, that no money sent from America to relieve suffering, and to aid the cause of the Allies, does more good than that contributed to this institution. It is so efficiently and economically managed that, with a progressive decrease in the per capita expenses, there is a corresponding increase in the care and attention given to the wounded, and in the comforts supplied to them.

"It is, moreover, the most conspicuously useful of the attempts that America has made to repay in some slight measure the debt of gratitude which she incurred to France more than a century ago."

In December, Dr. White was taken to the University Hospital. Here he spent his Christmas; and on Christmas eve, while he was under treatment in the laboratory, his friends invaded his room, and set up a tree hung with gifts, droll, fanciful, charming, as the taste of the donors prompted. Miss Marian Smith, the superintendent of the hospital, lent her affectionate co-operation to the scheme. Everything had to be done in haste, for the time was short. Everything was ready before the invalid returned. Fruits and flowers and books and boxes were heaped up in

the big, spare hospital room. The tree, with its loving remembrances, towered to the ceiling. The decorators assumed a gaiety they did not feel. When the last touch had been given, Mrs. White glanced around the pretty, glittering scene, and said sadly: "If friends could cure."

With the New Year came the last determined effort of a resolute life, the last flicker of the flame which was burning low in a wasted body. Colonel Roosevelt was expected to speak in Philadelphia, January 21st, on the stern necessity of military preparedness; and Dr. White announced his intention of being taken home, and of receiving the Colonel as his guest. It seemed sheerly impossible, but his mind was made up. The house on the Square was opened wide, as in the old happy days. Its master, showing no sign of his mortal illness, lay on a couch in the library, welcoming his visitors, and watching with the clear eyes of unalterable devotion the friend who had been his beacon light through life. Political animosities were buried deep that day, for no one who knew and loved the sick man failed to respond to this, his last call on their regard. I remember Colonel Roosevelt saying: "It would have seemed strange to me to come to any other house than this"; and Dr. White replying: "It is a house of pain, but it is always yours."

So absolutely did strength of purpose triumph

over bodily infirmity, that to some of us it seemed as though the sufferer had renewed his hopes and his vigour in this brief contact with the world. Before the strange buoyancy had faded, he wrote to Effingham Morris: "I think the Colonel's visit has really done me good. After his speech, he returned here immediately, and we had a talk until 12.45 A.M. He spent another hour with me before he went to the Montgomery luncheon. I can scarcely expect you to see him through my spectacles; but he is one of the very best. The afternoon was for me a great success, and your cheerful and affectionate presence was by no means the smallest factor in it."

After Colonel Roosevelt's visit, Dr. White never again left his bed-room; but his interest in all that appertained to his friends, his profession, the University, and the war, remained unimpaired throughout the winter. He wrote a self-forgetful letter to the alumni of Pennsylvania's Medical School, on the occasion of their annual dinner, regretting his inability to be with them:

"I do not forget that among my most pleasant and cherished memories are the hours I have spent in the company of men whom you will have at table tonight. I should find among them former co-workers in every department of University activity, and especially in the department closest to our hearts — the Medical School — which came to us with a

reputation, a distinction, a history, that entitled it to our devoted services.

"Unimportant as my personal share in this work has been, it had for me the inestimable advantage of throwing me into close and intimate contact with successive circles of University men, and led to the formation of changing, but always enlarging, groups of very dear friends, with whom, in one way or another, a close and affectionate relationship was established, and has continued ever since. To these friends, — former students, fellow alumni, faculty brothers, and to all the boys, I send my best wishes for a successful and hilarious reunion, and my congratulations on the present abounding health and prosperity of our Alma Mater."

Dr. John Mitchell read this letter to the diners, and wrote to Dr. White that it would have done his heart good to have heard the cheers which greeted it. Three weeks later, on University Day, came the annual dinner of the General Alumni Society, another gathering which he had been wont to love, and to which his mind strayed longingly. That he was not forgotten is shown by this line from Mr. Horace Lippincott:

DEAR DR. WHITE:

The large and enthusiastic body of alumni, gathered together for their annual dinner on the evening

of University Day, heard with distress the news which the Provost brought them of your suffering. Stilled by the recital, they rose to their feet when he had finished, and broke into three long hurrahs for you. It was decided by acclamation to send you our greeting, and our sincere hopes for your speedy recovery. It is my privilege to write you this with the heartiest and best wishes of your fellow alumni.

From England came loving letters, — cheerful, optimistic letters from Sargent, and Lord Sydenham, and Mr. Arthur Potter, who could not be brought to believe that their friend was near to death; troubled letters from Osler and Treves, who knew, or divined, the truth. "There is something unusual in having to write to you with a bedside manner," grumbled Sargent; "instead of hurling jokes at you, — jokes that I warn you are merely delayed until a terror treatment is prescribed." "You must cheer up," wrote Mr. Potter affectionately. "We want you to rejoice with us in our final victory, as you have helped us in our hour of need."

From one friend, Dr. White was never to hear again. Henry James lay very ill in London, his keen mind dimmed, his eager spirit groping in the dark. The English Government had conferred upon him the Order of Merit, and Lord Bryce carried it to his bedside on New Year's Day. Happily, the sick man

was fully conscious of the honour done him. "He knew his old friends," wrote Miss Emily Sargent to Dr. White, "and said a few words of thanks and appreciation, quite in his old style. We are so very glad he could grasp and enjoy this pleasure."

Osler, writing a few days later, expressed the same generous satisfaction in this final recognition of great qualities. "Was it not splendid that they gave Henry James the O.M., — really the highest literary distinction in England? Everybody is delighted. Mrs. Asquith was asking for you the other day. Your martial spirit made a great impression upon those politicians. I wish you and Roosevelt were in the Cabinet. This house is still a junk shop. A hundred and ninety barrels of apples, and two thousand dollars, came to Grace at Christmas from Canada and the United States. We had the house full of men from the front, chiefly relatives. Eighteen members of my family are serving."

In February, Henry James died. His death was a signal for a renewed attack upon him on the score of his renunciation of American citizenship. Again Dr. White came to his friend's defence. In grave and measured words he repelled the flippant insinuations of critics who betrayed more irritation than they would confess to cherishing. His letter to the "Philadelphia Ledger" had in it a quiet depth of feeling, a sincere and sorrowful understanding of the situation.

He at least knew that no man was more passionately loyal than Mr. James to the ideals which the United States, in common with all free and democratic countries, stood pledged to cherish and support. He knew that it was the great novelist's cheerful and unvarying acceptance of all the responsibilities of life which made it hard for him to retain, among old associates, and in the face of Germany's threats, the safety and privileges of a neutral citizen.

Mr. James's death was the last break in Dr. White's circle of intimate associates. He felt it acutely, though he knew that his own end was near. For eleven years these two men had been firm and happy friends. They were as unlike as men could be. The "rude imperious surge" and the deep land-locked lake could offer no greater contrast. "I am such a votary and victim of the single impression, of the imperceptible adventure, picked up by accident, and cherished, as it were, in secret," wrote James to Dr. White in the spring of 1914, "that your scale of operation and sensation would be for me the most choking, the most fatal of programmes, and I should simply go ashore at Sumatra, and refuse ever to fall in line again. But that is simply my contemptible capacity, which does n't want a little of five million things, but only asks three or four, as to which, I confess, my requirements are inordinate."

It was the war which showed how closely akin in

elemental qualities, in all the attributes which make for simple, self-sustaining manhood, were these contrasting types. To no heart did this titanic struggle strike more deeply than to Mr. James's, and to no mind, outside of diplomatic circles, was it given to see more clearly its true and final issues. He was not eager to beckon his own country into the combat; but he knew that, in the end, there could be no escape from the "bitter-sweet cup"; and he knew, too, being an American, that, when it was once presented to our lips, we should drain it to the dregs. His spirits were not buoyant enough to bear the burden of grief; but the breadth of his human sympathy, the depth of his exhaustless compassion, were a revelation to the world. In this regard, he and Dr. White were indivisible. The counsel, old as life and base as sin,

"Let us endure awhile, and see injustice done,"

carried no persuasion to their souls. They knew their helplessness; but there was not in the life of either one minute of cowardly acquiescence.

The near approach of death was powerless to dull Dr. White's human interests, to weaken his affections, to moderate his just resentments. On the 3d of March, less than two months before his death, he sent the following characteristic letter to Provost Smith:

DEAR EDGAR:

I have received a book by David Starr Jordan, which, I regret to say, bears the imprint and motto of the University of Pennsylvania. I think it a disgrace to the University to have the work of such a man published under its patronage.

I am not yet aware whether or not he was invited to give this lecture. I suppose, if he were, it was incumbent upon us, under the terms of the Foundation, to publish it. But if the date of his invitation was later than eighteen months ago, I shall be ready to vote for a censorship.

A man who, writing to-day, could put, as the first of the duties now before the world, the keeping of Americans out of the "Brawl in the Dark, in which Europe is bleeding to death," with no mention of the paramount duty of trying by every possible means to see that, as a result of the "brawl," might does not triumph over right, or barbarity over civilization, is not entitled to speak before a University audience, or to have what he says published by a University. I regard him as one of the most mischievous and harmful of the pacifist agitators.

It was Professor Jordan who ventured to say in a college commencement address, given in the summer of 1909: "France is, by its own admission, decadent." The remark was considered even then to be

in questionable taste, and of questionable accuracy. The events of the past five years have proved it as false as it was foul. "War," says M. Halévy, "speaks with authority. It lays the foundations of history. It consecrates and dominates it forever."

On the 18th of March, less than six weeks before his death, Dr. White sent his last letter to Effingham Morris. Throughout the long months of his illness — longer they seemed to him than all the vigorous years that had preceded them — he had shared with this friend the hopes he could not relinquish, and the doubts that beset his soul. "When the pain is bad, I know I am as ill as ever. In the blessed moments when I am out of pain, I think I am going to get well in a couple of weeks. And so it goes."

All hope was dead when he wrote for the last time, and his concern was not then for himself, but for a young physician whom he liked and trusted, and for whom he sought a post on the visiting staff of the Presbyterian Hospital. Enclosed with this letter was a more formal communication, addressed to the Board of Managers of the Hospital, in which he set forth with all his old energy, and with more than his old kindness, Dr. Carnett's fitness for the appointment. The shadow of death fell across his bed when he made this brave effort to help a man whose life lay bright before him; yet in April he roused himself to write twice again. The first letter was

to Provost Smith, urging him to interest himself in Dr. Carnett's behalf, and ended with these pregnant words: "I really want you to do this for *me*, and at this juncture shall make no excuse for not doing more myself."

The second letter was to Mr. Samuel Rea, and its dictation must have cost the dying man a great and painful effort:

"I have just heard, in reference to the candidacy of my friend, Dr. J. B. Carnett, for the surgical vacancy of the Presbyterian Hospital, that he has been handicapped by the statement, widely made, that Pennsylvania Railroad influences have been lined up in his behalf through my individual efforts, and that they are not to be taken at their face value as testimony to Carnett's real ability, experience, and general fitness for the place.

"I write at once to call attention to the impropriety of this attitude so far as I am concerned. As the Pennsylvania Railroad has done me the honour of giving me an important position on its staff, and of accepting my judgment in many surgical matters, it is apparent that its directors think enough of my knowledge and experience to justify the expectation that they would also value my opinion of the work, professional character, and standing of a man brought up under my own eye, and whose career I have watched with especial interest and attention."

Nine days after writing this letter, Dr. White died. He had suffered such appalling pain, he was so worn and so profoundly helpless, that those who loved him best were least desirous to prolong that brave and broken life. To the end he was keen to see his old associates, and to hear news of the world which was slipping fast away from him. Every morning, Tom Robins, his brother, and his cousin, Sam White, the unchanging friend of his boyhood and his youth, came to his bedside, and brought some breath of a happier life. Every day, as the end drew near, Dr. Alfred Wood, Dr. Martin, and Dr. Stengel issued bulletins which were posted in the vestibule of his home, and read by throngs of anxious visitors. At the close, pneumonia intervened, and death came mercifully to the man who had waited for it so long, and whose only hope lay in its healing hand.

Dr. White died in a time of supreme national depression. He had seen nearly two years of war, and every month had brought fresh evidence of Germany's cruelty in Europe, her treachery in the United States, her ruthlessness (punctuated by broken promises and suave explanations) on the seas, her profound and brutal contempt for the laws of civilized nations. He had lived through the period when cranks of every description proposed ingenious — and bloodless — plans for bringing the struggle to an end; when delegations of children were sent to Washing-

ton, to ask the President to keep us out of war; when every fresh outrage was met by fresh apologists. There were, indeed, Americans of a different type, men who never consented to neutrality, who never believed that a purifying ocean cleansed them from all sense of human obligation. In December, 1914, Mr. James M. Beck, speaking before the New England Society of New York, urged that the United States should call a conference of the neutral powers, and voice a protest which would have stayed Germany's bloody hand. "But I confess," wrote this great lawyer to me, "that I did not advocate a declaration of war by the United States until after the Lusitania was sunk. Dr. White did. And as this subjected him to a storm of ridicule at the time, it is only just to his memory to note that he was, so far as I am aware, the first wholly courageous soul in America, the first with full vision."

There is no "full vision" in this darkened world. Dr. White would have died more serenely had he known what no one could know, that the soul of the nation, seemingly inert under provocation, was slowly hardening itself to meet an incredible situation. It was ready for the fight before the call came, and the glad rush to the colours showed how bitter the waiting had been. That we had no idea how to wage war was natural enough; we had to learn, as Britain learned, taught by our own blunders. But

through the unutterable confusion of those first months there was no faltering of the spirit. The sense of relief was too profound, the escape from the pit was too blessed. Alas, and alas, for the brave and honest men who died before the day of deliverance.

It was a shadow of heroic grief resting upon the close of a life which had been happy and prosperous, dignified by achievement, crowned by success. Dr. White had risen to eminence in his profession. He had held for twelve years the John Rhea Barton Chair of Surgery, in the University of Pennsylvania. He had performed many delicate and dangerous operations, and his patients had survived to call him blessed. He had made important contributions to the literature of surgery. He was an authority in his chosen field. His enthusiasm for athletics triumphed over the prejudice of teachers, and the indifference of the public. He was a pioneer in this great movement which has revolutionized and reformed student life. The University Gymnasium stands as a permanent monument of his wisdom and devotion, of his generous sympathy with youth, and his healthy understanding of what it means to be young.

He was girt by inflexible limitations. There are profound emotions which have moved the world, and there are delicate nuances which define areas of thought and taste, to which he held no clue. But the essentials of manhood — the things without which

there is no man — were all his. He was brave, truthful, sincere, loyal to his friends and to his country, and pitiful to the suffering. His personal feelings, his likings and animosities, were very strong.

"A hedge around his friends,
A hackle to his foes."

Perhaps the number of foes was increased by the fact that he never struck in the dark, no matter how easy the chance; but waged an open warfare, presenting himself as a shining target for missiles. On the other hand, his friends loved him heartily and tenaciously; his patients knew his kindness and his worth; nurses and internes in the hospital were keen — for all his imperiousness — to work under him; and close professional associates, like Dr. Alfred Wood, gave him unstinted devotion.

Above and beyond all other qualities must be reckoned his courageous acceptance and enjoyment of life. He feared it as little as he feared death. He never held back his hand from its favours because they carry danger in their wake. He never inquired too curiously if the game were worth the candle. He took royally what was his, and paid the price in full. There is a matchless sentence of Mr. Chesterton's which describes, as no words of mine can ever describe, this sane and valorous attitude: "The truest kinship with humanity lies in doing as humanity has always done, accepting with sportsmanlike relish the

estate to which we are called, the star of our happiness, and the fortunes of the land of our birth."

These gifts Dr. White took unshrinkingly from the hand of fate, and of them he built the strong and splendid fabric of his life.

THE END

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